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Contents

The Week 326

Editorials

The Boycott on Russia 329
Another Book, Another Dollar 330

General Articles

The Fight Against Norris ..... Judson King 332
Prelude (verse) ..... Conrad Aiken 334
Plant Quarantines Run Wild ..... G. F. Ferris 335
Peshawar and Amritsar ..... Robert Morss Lovett 338
Millionaires' Retreat ..... Morrow Mayo 340
Orderly Marketing for Labor ... Sumner H. Slichter 342
Paul Robeson, Negro ..... Stark Young 345

Correspondence 346

Reviews of Books

Science on the Loose ..... Lewis Mumford 348
Hereditary Genius ..... Huntington Cairns 349
The Unicorn ..... Padraic Colum 350
Eugene V. Debs ..... Melvin P. Levy 351
Captain Jack Randell ..... C. A. Chapman 352
Notes on Novels 352

The Week

WHAT WILL concern citizens of the United States most about the decisive victory of the Conservatives in the Canadian election is the jolt which it will give to our foreign trade. It has been stated that we shall lose $500,000,000 in exports as a result. This is hardly credible, since our whole exports to Canada are not valued at more than twice that amount. Nevertheless, the Conservatives propose a higher tariff than that already projected by the Liberals. Another interesting difference between the two tariff programs is that the Liberals had made concessions to imperial preference by exempting Great Britain and other parts of the Empire to a certain extent, while the Conservatives will make no such distinction. Since imperial preference is a British Conservative plan, and is opposed by the British Liberals, the role of the two parties in the Dominion has been curiously reversed. Canada evinces an increasingly nationalistic sentiment. While the major reasons for the upset are undoubtedly the industrial depression and unemployment, it is certainly true that the insane tariff policy of the Hoover administration stiffened the protectionist sentiment in both Canadian parties, and so will help reduce the capacity of our largest customer to buy from us.

MR. HOOVER has at last got rid of the obnoxious Claudius Huston as Republican national chairman, but he has done so in a way which does the maximum amount of damage to his own reputation. He waited so long that a fatal impression of irresolution and timidity was created, and then took the action which might have redounded to his credit if he had mustered up his courage several months sooner. With one incubus off his shoulders, the President now seems determined to saddle himself with another. He has let it be known that he proposes to make Senator Fess of Ohio the chairman, but with duties slightly decreased through a division of authority. Senator Fess will be remembered as a reactionary who is only less dangerous than others of his kind because his intellectual achievements do not entitle him to very serious consideration. He is a 100-percent high-tariff man, a 100-percent prohibitionist and a malignant opponent of all progressives and progressive ideas. He opposed from beginning to end the investigation of the oil scandals and the other iniquities of the Harding administration. He admitted on the floor of the Senate that he had intentionally deceived the newspapermen as to the character of his famous conversation with President Coolidge about the latter's seeking reëlection, Fess having been the most enthusiastic of the Coolidge supporters. If anything could make possible a Democratic victory in 1932, having this gentleman as Republican chairman ought to do it.

THE President has interfered in the Republican primary of the first district of Tennessee by writing a letter in support of Congressman B. Carroll Reece, who was influential in preventing the Norris bill for government operation of Muscle Shoals from passing the House. Mr. Reece has been attacked on this ground and is reported to be in danger of losing the nomination. Mr. Hoover states that he favors Reece's action and would veto a government-operation bill if it came to him. This incident reminds The New York Telegram that in his Elizabethton speech during the campaign, Mr. Hoover, although declaring against govern-

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ment operation in general, said, "There are local instances where the government must enter the business field as the by-product to some great major purpose, such as improvement in navigation, flood control, irrigation, scientific research or national defense." The Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers were both supporting Hoover and in favor of government operation of Muscle Shoals. The editor of The Knoxville News Sentinel, a member of the chain, therefore asked Mr. Hoover exactly what this passage meant. Mr. Hoover replied, "You may say this means Muscle Shoals." On this basis, the chain continued to support him, and he never denied the interpretation given to his words or repudiated the support. It is an honorable act for The Telegram to recall the incident. The most charitable explanation of Mr. Hoover's record in the matter is that he has broken a crucial campaign promise; a less charitable one is that he told a campaign lie.

"MA" Ferguson has once more triumphed in the Texas Democratic primaries for the governorship: she will almost certainly be nominated in the final run-off. Everybody in Texas knows that "Ma" Ferguson is a figurehead for her husband, John. Everybody in Texas knows that John Ferguson, when he was Governor, was guilty of fraud and corrupt practices, and a good many know in addition that he ran amuck in the state university, upsetting all the standards of academic freedom. The necessary inference is that Texans, like the citizens of many other states, do not care particularly about public virtue in public men. They are undoubtedly cynical about the possibility of obtaining honesty under our political system. At any rate, they are perfectly willing to sacrifice any chance of it if they can get a candidate who will amuse them, or appeal to their sentimentality, or tickle their vanity. If political institutions cannot be reliable servants of the community, at least they can provide a good show. We seem to have arrived at the stage of *panem et circenses*.

A PROOF of the growing strength of the movement against prohibition is the formation of a new group of Drys, with a new statement of purposes. It includes our old friends the Anti-Saloon League, the Methodist Board of Temperance, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, but it endeavors to soften the antagonisms which these organizations have aroused by adding the names of prominent individuals who command more respect. The statement itself is a strategic retreat. The federal government is no longer to be relied upon to fight local liquor traffic; this matter is to be left to states, counties and municipalities, while the national officials are to stress prevention of manufacture, interstate shipment and importation. And the Drys are now against "the invasion of homes and the infringement of personal rights. . . . Personal habits and the conduct of the home lie in the field of private morals." In other words, the prohibitionists have in effect sanctioned the compromise which exists in fact. They must know that many states and local communities cannot be persuaded to enforce, and many individuals cannot be compelled to obey, a hated law. Meanwhile they want the federal government to confine its endeavors to objects which, even if achieved, cannot deprive these regions and persons of their alcoholic beverages. The question is, How long will the country remain content with a compromise of this kind?

THOSE who feel that prohibition is working well, and that the talk about its failure comes exclusively from prejudiced sources, are invited to look at the facts about "jake paralysis," which is now so widely prevalent in the South and Southwest. This paralysis comes from drinking liquid (alcoholic) jamaica ginger, which in the past few years has come to be a popular beverage among poor people who cannot afford to buy whiskey or gin from a bootlegger. The supply of true ginger root having been exhausted by the unwonted demand, what seems to have happened is that a poisonous substitute found its way into the market, a substitute which, even in small quantities, results in an incurable and almost total paralysis. Figures recently gathered by the government reveal that there are some 15,000 known cases, most of them in the lower Mississippi Valley. The victim can walk on crutches, his paralyzed feet hanging loosely from the ankles, but he cannot use his hands in useful labor, and is of course a helpless dependent. County hospitals and other charitable institutions are full to overflowing with these wretched individuals. Many others cannot get admittance and must rely on private assistance. W. G. Shepherd, who investigated this situation for Collier's Weekly, reports that the authorities were perfectly well aware that people were drinking alcoholic jamaica ginger, and were indifferent to this fact until the paralysis appeared. The jamaica ginger was purchased from drug stores and consumed in small amounts at the soda fountain, and thus a community gave an outward appearance of respectability, however large the actual consumption of intoxicant may have been. An outward appearance of respectability seems to be all that the enforcement officials are now aiming at, anywhere in the country.

THE Children's Crusade, American version, is on again. All over the country juvenile exhibitionists are trying to break endurance records by sitting in trees, riding bicycles, rocking in rocking chairs or otherwise demonstrating that the strong end of the spine is not the one on top. In some cases the cupidity of their parents is to blame; father and mother sit by and collar the loot as the pennies and nickels rain into the cup. In other instances, the children insist on making fools of themselves, and defy both parental authority and, sometimes, that of the law. Their exhibitionism is, of course,

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but a reflection of that which many of their elders share in this day of the glorified gutter-journalism of the tabloids. Anybody who acts like a big enough idiot can get his picture in the paper, and as the competition gets keener, it reaches both upwards toward grandfather's armchair and downwards to the cradle.

WE ARE glad to report that the University of Pittsburgh has, for the moment at least, forgotten the Red menace upon its campus and has returned to serious work. It has recently carried on an exhaustive investigation of the consumers' preference in the sort of type face used on packaged meat. After confronting 1,062 innocent citizens of Pittsburgh with the line "Ruskin says that all works of quality must bear a price" printed in eleven different kinds of type, the investigators discovered that the public generally agreed that it prefers to see the type face known as Bookman upon display advertisements of ham, and Bookman also upon packages of lard, bacon and hot dogs. However, this preference was divided in some cases according to sex: that is to say, the men much prefered to see Bookman, Franklin Gothic, Garamond and Ultra Bodoni Italic upon their hot-dog packages, whereas the women ranked Garamond first, Bookman second and Bodoni and Kennerley third. This startling discovery which the University of Pittsburgh has made will perhaps help to restore our confidence in the institution. We can now rest assured that the president and trustees of the university are awake to other problems besides those of freezing out liberal professors or molding the minds of their students into good old conservative patterns. In fact, this research into the display advertising of hot dogs leads one to believe that perhaps the university will carry on other investigations of a similar nature—that it will make efforts to find out, for example, in what type the public prefers to read its Voltaire or its "Age of Reason."

A YOUNG anthropologist, Dr. Hortense Powdermaker, has just returned from distant New Ireland in the Pacific with loads of interesting observations about the natives there. It seems that these primitive tribesmen, presumably called the New Irish, were once accustomed to fight wars over women and pigs; they still regret those good old days. They believe in no gods or goddesses, no heaven, no hell, no after-life. "Instead of religion," says Dr. Powdermaker, "they have many taboos and magic. It is, for instance, a heinous offense to be in the same room with your mother-in-law. . . . A man can have several wives and sometimes a woman may have several husbands, but polygamy and polyandry cannot occur in the same family. On the other hand, it is an accepted social custom that a woman may have lovers and a man mistresses . . . nothing much is ever done about it. By temperament they are a gay, jolly, friendly and very simple people. You cannot talk to them in terms of abstractions. . . . Birth, marriages and deaths are outstanding events." All this is very interesting in itself, and it suggests an even more interesting question. If a learned young anthropologist from New Ireland should visit the distant island of Manhattan—if he should live among the aboriginal New Yorkers and record their customs for the benefit of the New Irish—would his account differ so vastly from that of Dr. Powdermaker?

THERE is one lesson which the imperialists of all countries never will learn: that people really want freedom, and will go to considerable inconvenience to get it. The imperialists never can see why mankind isn't satisfied with efficiency, something to which the mass of the people in any country attach little importance. The Japanese have just had this lesson rubbed into them regarding Korea, though it is not surprising that they decline to profit by it. Japan has for some years been telling the world in a loud firm voice how happy the Koreans are under their beneficent rule. But last October, a Japanese student in Korea, standing on a street corner, made a remark to a Korean girl which the latter interpreted as an insult. Korean boys came to her rescue and there was a brawl between representatives of the two races. Japanese police came up and arrested all the Koreans involved, letting their own fellow countrymen go free. The incident, added to their general sense of being wronged, infuriated the whole Korean nation, and there were riots and disturbances throughout the country, lasting for about six months. In Seoul, the capital, on two occasions in December and January, the entire student population of some 12,000 paraded the streets shouting defiance of the Japanese conquerors. The Japanese police charged the students with drawn bayonets and arrested and imprisoned large numbers of them, on one occasion as many as 1,700. Those thrown into jail went on hunger strikes. As the movement spread, the Korean Nationalists began planning a revolution. The Japanese broke this up, at least for the time being, by raiding the headquarters, seizing all documents and arresting the leaders en masse. They maintained a strict censorship of the press, so that the outside world never knew how serious the issue was until the revolt had been quelled. The Koreans, however, have not abandoned their efforts to be free; they are merely biding their time.

THOSE readers of The New Republic who were interested in the article "Conservation on the Canadian Border," which appeared in the issue of April 16, will be glad to learn that the Shipstead-Newton-Nolan Bill to protect the lake land lying in northeastern Minnesota has passed both houses of Congress, and is now a law. The passage of the bill represents a great victory for national conserva-

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tion, for it protects from private exploitation an untouched and virgin territory of 14,500 square miles lying in Canada and the United States.

The Boycott on Russia

AT LAST the investigation of Russian activities in this country, by the congressional committee under the chairmanship of Mr. Hamilton Fish, is accounted for. It was not prompted by an inexplicable fear that somehow the Communists were about to overturn our government and corrupt our citizens. Its use is to act as protective coloration for an extension of the protective-tariff policy. If only enough fear and hatred of the Soviet government can be aroused, a few business interests may prevent American consumers from buying manganese, pulpwood, lumber, matches and anthracite coal from Russia, no matter how much better the Russian product may be, and no matter how much more cheaply it may be bought than the competing domestic articles.

The Treasury Department has tried to close down on shipments of pulpwood, because of secret "assurances" which, it avers, prove that these shipments were handled by convict labor and are therefore in contravention of the latest tariff act. The manganese-ore producers are seeking an embargo on the same ground. Matthew Woll, claiming to speak for American labor, carries the principle to its logical and fantastic conclusion by stating that the whole Soviet system is based "upon convict, forced or indentured labor," and therefore that everything from Russia must be barred. Meanwhile the chief objective of the Fish fishing expedition itself seems to be to discredit and discomfort Amtorg, the Russian trading agency in this country.

And with a truly remarkable timeliness, United States District Attorney Tuttle has uncovered two smugglers of Swiss watch movements, who say they are associated with Amtorg, who carried a "little black book" full of names, and whose authenticity as Soviet agents is supposed to be proved by the fact that one of them bore on his person a ribbon as big as a hatband, bearing (in English) the words: "The bearer of this badge is a trustworthy servant of the Soviet and can be entrusted with any secrets. Secretariat." Quick, Watson—the needle! It is not explained why a Russian trading agency handling millions of dollars' worth of business a year should bother to smuggle 640 Swiss watch movements, or what "Soviet" is referred to (the official title of the Russian Republic, which contains thousands of soviets, is U.S.S.R.), or what secretariat is meant, or why Russian secret agents should go about carrying ribbons with incriminating English legends.

How much has American business been hurt by Russian trade? Our imports from Russia have been valued at between $14,000,000 and $15,000,000 a year, as against a total import business of over $4,000,000,000. About four-tenths of one percent of what we buy abroad has therefore come from the country which, according to the alarmists, is preparing to flood our markets with cheap merchandise. Accepting, for the sake of argument, the absurd theory that we are injured by what we purchase at low prices, the menace of Russian imports is nothing to get excited about. Mr. Woll and the others had much better begin by protesting against imports from Canada, which run in the neighborhood of $500,000,000 annually.

Still assuming the validity of Mr. Woll's antique economics, how does he maintain that American workmen would gain jobs by stopping trade with a country which, while it sells us about $14,000,000 worth a year, buys from us about $75,000,000 worth? Are American workers solely employed in making articles which can be imported, but not at all in making articles which can be exported? One suspects that Mr. Woll must be more interested in the fortunes of the owners of manganese deposits than in the American workers at large.

And, indeed, these particular owners are in a serious plight. For years most of the manganese used by American steel manufacturers has been imported, and much of it imported from Russia, except when the supply was cut off during the War. Our deposits are of an inferior grade and more expensive to work, but the War made this an "infant industry," which was protected by the tariff of 1922. Nevertheless, by 1926, according to Berglund and Wright, in their study for the Institute of Economics on "The Tariff on Iron and Steel," the domestic output of manganese began to fall off, while imports mounted prodigiously. Bethlehem Steel buys large amounts from Russia, and United States Steel recently signed a long-term contract for quantities of Russian manganese. Even a tariff cannot protect the American manganese owners; they insist on an embargo. And while they do not permit their own employees to organize, they induce Mr. Woll to cry aloud the supposed woes of Russian manganese workers.

It is not necessary to explain any of the Russian imports on the grounds of convict labor, low wages or dumping. Our wood supply is disappearing and the cost of working what is left is high; it is natural for us to import such things as pulpwood, spruce lumber and matches—as indeed we do in great quantities, not only from Russia but from Canada, Norway, Sweden and other nations with large wooded areas. As for anthracite coal, the Russian imports are only a tiny percentage of our domestic output; the quality of the Russian coal is reported to be high, and it could scarcely compete successfully except near the seaboard, on account of transportation costs. Economic policy would scarcely suggest that we ought to deplete our own rapidly vanishing forest and mineral reserves in so far as we can buy their products from countries where the supply is more plentiful or of better

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quality. And why in particular should we bolster up the American anthracite monopoly, which has so many times made the consumer pay through the nose, and has successfully resisted any kind of regulation?

If any of these imports are really made by convict labor, they ought, of course, to be barred. Convict labor ought not to be allowed to compete with free labor even in the United States—though it still does, in some instances. But there are not enough convicts in Russia to make all the goods she sends to us. If it is true, as Mr. Woll says, that the manganese workers get only $10 a week, that is unfortunate, though their standard of living is somewhat better than the figure would indicate to an American reader because they are supplied with good housing, food at low prices, free medical attention, insurance against illness, unemployment and old age, and a two-weeks' vacation with pay. How many workers in this country have all these advantages, or would have $10 a week left after supplying them for themselves? Mr. Woll's recipe for improving the condition of the Russian workers is strange indeed: (1) to stop buying what they make, and (2) to stop selling Russia the machinery and supplies which she needs to enlarge her production and raise her standards of living. We have no settled opinion as to whether the Russian experiment will succeed, but at least there is no harm in selling her the equipment she wants, especially if doing so provides employment here. It would be a far more convincing test of Communist methods if Russia should fail after obtaining all the physical requirements of success than if she should fail as the result of a new *cordon sanitaire*. But of course there is little chance of the latter any more; if the Soviet government cannot buy in the United States, it will do so in other countries which are eager for the trade.

The only valuable American institutions which have been seriously embarrassed by Russian propaganda are certain trade unions. If men like Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and Benjamin Schlesinger, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, should argue for secret police, deportation, trade embargoes and the rest, we should listen with respect. But these men know that such measures are useless for the purpose in view and would be turned against labor itself. They have beaten the Communists on their own ground, and have learned that the way to deprive them of influence is to conduct unions so that grievances against the leadership cannot obtain widespread or long continued acceptance. If American institutions in general are ever threatened by Russian propaganda, it will be because men like Hamilton Fish and Matthew Woll have failed to make these institutions provide a good life for the American workers, while they have wasted what influence they have in support of predatory private interests and asinine economic theories.

Another Book, Another Dollar

IT IS only a few weeks since the first dollar books were published, yet we are told that their average sale is already twice as large as the total sale of earlier novels by the same authors. Their ultimate fate is still in doubt, but their immediate success has surpassed the expectation of the publishers who embarked in this new venture. None of the dollar novels, it is true, has appeared on the best-seller lists, but this is to be explained by the fact that such lists are compiled by bookshops and by the jobbing houses which deal with bookshops. The dollar novels are being distributed largely through drug and department stores, and they are having a wide sale in small towns where no bookshops exist. They have been favorably received in Canada, which has never been a profitable market for novels at $2.50 and biographies at $5.

As the dollar books have marched forward, so too has the struggle against them on the part of the more conservative publishers. There is talk of mergers and consolidations. A new trade association, the Book Publishers' Research Institute, has been organized "to gather and disseminate authoritative information on the book-publishing industry, and in other ways to act as an interpreter of the industry to the public and the public to the industry." The Institute is firmly opposed to the dollar books. In statements recently issued to the press, it attacks them for reasons partly cultural and partly economic.

The latter form of argument, by far the more convincing, consists in tabulating the expenses incurred by publishers on the original edition of a novel to be distributed to the public for $2.50 per copy. These expenses, when divided by 3,720—the average number of copies in the edition—amount to $1.40. The average discount to retailers and jobbers is $1.03¼. The publisher's net profit is therefore 6¾ cents per copy, or a total of $250.10 for the original edition of 3,720 copies, assuming that all the copies are sold through the regular trade channels—an almost impossible assumption. Several hundred copies must ordinarily be given away for review and as samples; other copies remain in the warehouse. On subsequent printings, the profits are much greater; but the Institute has discovered that approximately 45 percent of the new books printed each year never go past the original edition, while the additional printings of the other 55 percent often amount to as few as 500 copies.

The figures presented by the Institute can be criticized on several grounds. First of all, they prove too much. If we accept them at their face value, we can only conclude that the publishing industry is conducted on such an unprofitable basis that it cannot long endure. If we question them, however—if we compare them with figures advanced by other students of the situation—we are

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led to believe that they are based on the experience of publishers whose expenses are somewhat higher than the average. The differences in each item—paper, printing, binding, overhead, etc.—are only a few cents or mills per copy, yet these small savings may double or triple the profit. To give one example, the publisher who reported to Mr. R. L. Duffus, the author of "Books: Their Place in a Democracy," that his total production and distribution costs were only $1.21½ (instead of $1.40) for the first edition of a $2.50 novel, was making nearly four times the profit reported by the Book Publishers' Research Institute.

It would be possible to analyze the figures and arrive at further conclusions, but the fact is that the figures are not very important. The publishing industry, as at present conducted, is essentially a gamble. The "average novel" is something that can be disregarded, both from the literary and from the business standpoint. The book which achieves a sale of more than ten thousand copies is a highly profitable venture, for the unit cost of it decreases with each successive printing. On the other hand, few books attain these profitable sales. It is safe to estimate that one-fourth of all the new books are issued at a loss, thereby canceling most of the profits on the successful books. And so, whether or not we accept the exact figures presented by the Institute, we are forced to accept its general contention that publishers have not been profiteering. We must resign ourselves to the idea that most books cannot profitably be marketed at prices much lower than those prevailing today.

Some books, however, can so be marketed, as is proved already by the dollar novels. Some books, by virtue of their appeal to a larger and more certain audience, can be treated as stable commodities and issued at a lower price. Tacitly admitting this fact, the Institute shifts its attack from economics to the more debatable field of culture. It says in part:

> For the publisher in bringing out a new book, the matter of price or profit cannot be the motivating consideration if he is to maintain the traditional high standards of his calling. He must publish books of uncertain fate by new authors and books of outstanding merit which are not widely sold and cannot be, but which are necessary, unless our cultural and intellectual life is to become static and therefore sterile.

In order to establish this contention, the Institute would have to prove, first, that the dollar books are dangerous to culture, second, that they would seriously injure the publishing business as now conducted, and third, that this business is fulfilling its cultural duty to society. All these points are dubious, but most of all the first. By examining the list of dollar novels so far published or announced for publication, one finds that without exception they would have been issued for a higher price had they been written last year. They are, from the standpoint of literary quality, neither better nor worse than the average novels published for $2 or $2.50. The fact that they will be distributed for lower prices to a wider audience is no perceptible threat to our cultural standards.

It is perhaps a threat to the more conservative publishers and to the bookshops which retail their products, but the danger is less serious than is generally believed. For the publishers of dollar novels to monopolize the industry would be an impossible feat. More scholarly books, more venturesome books, will continue to be written and printed. Since they are a cultural necessity, they will also continue to be purchased. The public, after all, is not so stupid that it cannot be taught the difference between books as an inexpensive commodity and literature as an art.

The public, too, has the right to ask whether the publishing business as at present conducted has been fulfilling those cultural and intellectual duties of which the Institute so solemnly speaks. It is true that publishers have frequently issued "books of uncertain fate by new authors and books of outstanding merit which are not widely sold and cannot be." On the other hand, they have not succeeded in popularizing the world of books as a whole. Figures assembled by Mr. Duffus show that each citizen of this wealthy nation buys, on the average, two books a year and reads fewer than eight. In the face of radio, popular magazines and the movies, the publishing world is now on the defensive.

The dollar books are an attempt to find a business remedy for this situation. They are not primarily a price-cutting scheme: they are an adventure in distributing books to a new audience by methods of merchandising which are unorthodox in the publishing industry, but which have proved successful in other fields. If the adventure is successful, it may create new customers, not only for popular novels but for serious and expensive books as well. Even the more conservative publishers may profit by it eventually. Meanwhile, it would seem that they are speaking too much of their cultural function. To oversee the quality of literature is a duty not primarily theirs, but that of writers themselves; and it is time that novelists and critics should resume this neglected duty.

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The Fight against Norris

IT IS NOW quite clear," said Senator Norris last fall in an address to his constituents, "that Nebraska is to be singled out in the coming primary campaign as one of the chief battle grounds for the control of the United States Senate. For that purpose a virtual alliance has been formed between the Old Guard stand-pat machine inside the state and those who control that machine from the outside. The avowed purpose of this combination is to weaken and discredit progressive principles of government by driving me out of public life, and securing the nomination and election of a Senator from Nebraska who will be subservient to the political machine and its bosses both inside and outside the state, and who at all times can be trusted to be 'regular.' "

When a man of the universally accepted sincerity of Senator George W. Norris renounces a cherished desire to retire from public life and again enters the lists with a pronouncement of this sort, the event constitutes a real challenge to representative government. One feels that behind the reasons which have led him to take such a step there lurks something dark and sinister.

That the Senator was not uttering the usual political hokum is demonstrated by the fact that, ever since he delivered the speech from which I quote, there have been untiring efforts to drive him out of the United States Senate. Most recent and spectacular has been the incident of the chain-store clerk of Broken Bow. This was an attempt to confuse the voters and invalidate the primary by entering as a candidate for the Republican nomination for United States Senator an unknown young man whose name by chance happens to duplicate that of Senator George W. Norris.

The Nebraska primary law, having been carelessly drafted, fails to make any provision for distinguishing between two candidates whose names are the same. Each name must be printed on the ballot without an identifying description of any kind, and rotation of names is mandatory, so that the different candidates for the same office are constantly changing their position on the ballot. For this reason, if the name George W. Norris appeared twice, the voters would have no means of choosing between the present Senator and the chain-store grocery clerk, and it would be impossible for the election officials to determine the number of votes cast for each. The nomination, therefore, might well go to a third candidate and Senator Norris might be eliminated from the contest, since the law prohibits a candidate who is beaten in the primary from running in the general election.

Inasmuch as Senator Norris' namesake has never been known to have participated in public activities of any sort, everything seems to indicate that the filing of his name was the cheapest sort of political trickery. And though the names of the men behind the whole scheme are still unknown, it is hoped that they will be brought to light by Senator Nye's investigating committee, which recently paid a visit to Broken Bow.

At this point it may be illuminating to describe the various activities that have been going on in Nebraska for the past two or three years with the aim of destroying Norris' chances for reëlection. The chief problem which confronted his adversaries was to find a man who had some chance of winning against him.

To begin with, President Hoover last year appointed Samuel R. McKelvie, a former Governor of Nebraska and one of Senator Norris' most bitter political enemies, as a member of the Federal Farm Board. It was evident that this was a political move, for at the time of McKelvie's appointment it was unofficially announced that his duties as a member of the Board would end in June—just in time for him to begin an active campaign for the senatorship. It was generally agreed that his appointment to the Board would make it possible for him to ingratiate himself with the farmers. In fact, whenever the Federal Farm Board was requested to send speakers to address farmers' picnics or other kinds of meetings, McKelvie was usually dispatched to perform that duty. Unfortunately, the farmers of Nebraska did not respond to his speeches with the enthusiasm that the administration men had hoped and the McKelvie boom flopped.

Undeterred by McKelvie's inability to rally the voters, the forces against Senator Norris then began searching for more promising candidates. A movement was launched to induce Governor Weaver to become a candidate for the Senate instead of for renomination as Governor. It is an open secret that large sums of money were expended, and that a daily newspaper was purchased by a certain group, one of the objects being to back Weaver if he decided to run. But after vacillating for some time between the senatorship and the governorship, Weaver finally came to the conclusion that it would be unwise for him to fight Norris for the senatorial nomination.

So desperate were the anti-Norris forces by this time that they even went so far as to attempt to draft General Pershing, who had already refused the nomination. Under the Nebraska law a man can be nominated by petition. Hired agents, paid at the rate of ten cents a name, were at once sent all over Nebraska getting signers to the petition.

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But though the campaign made some little headway, it collapsed when the General cabled from France that he would not accept the nomination even if it were tendered to him unanimously.

Rebuffed by General Pershing, the anti-Norris forces, now in a state almost bordering on panic, rushed back into the arms of their original candidate, Samuel R. McKelvie. They at once circulated a petition asking McKelvie to become a candidate and they filed it just before the expiration of the term for filing petitions. This permitted McKelvie to accept the candidacy at any time within ten days. Meanwhile he was issuing statements and trying to unite the opposition against Senator Norris. He also announced that if all the other candidates would withdraw from the field, he would enter the battle and fight Senator Norris alone.

At this point, however, came the darkest and most disreputable part of the whole business—the introduction into the fight of the chain-store clerk from Broken Bow. This unknown and recently bankrupt George W. Norris prepared, or had prepared for him, an application as candidate for the senatorial nomination. At the last moment he mailed it, along with the required fee of $50, to the Nebraska secretary of state. He then resigned his position as manager of the Skaggs Safeway Store, bundled up his wife and two children and vanished into thin air. He has not been seen since that day, although it is reported that he has recently visited Omaha after a vacation in Estes Park, Colorado. United States marshals have looked for him in vain.

His application was mailed on July 2. Under the ordinary operation of the trains from Broken Bow to Lincoln, the state capital, it should have arrived there on the morning of July 3, the last day for receiving such papers. There was a delay in the mails, however, and the application did not reach the secretary of state until July 5, two days late according to the law. The state attorney-general promptly issued an opinion that it could not legally be accepted. The secretary of state, however, belongs to the anti-Norris faction, and overruled the decision of the attorney-general. He held that the posting of the letter on July 2 constituted a legal filing, but he delayed setting a date for a hearing to protest this action. Days passed, during which the public both in the state and the country became aware of the trick which was being played upon Norris. The legal complications and possibilities are too intricate to be described here, but finally the Senator brought matters to a head by one of his characteristic strokes. The last day on which candidates could withdraw from the ticket was July 18 at midnight. Senator Norris announced that if the name of George W. Norris, the pseudo candidate from Broken Bow, was not definitely removed from the ballot before that hour, George W. Norris of McCook would withdraw from the Republican primaries and would run as an independent in the November general election.

Panic again descended upon the camp of the anti-Norris faction. There were hurried and feverish consultations. Republican politicians of the Old Guard who had been thrown into fits time and time again by Senator Norris' "irregularity" moved heaven and earth to keep him on the ballot and his namesake off it. They were terrified lest Senator Norris' withdrawal cause the defeat of their whole state ticket. Finally Secretary of State Frank Marsh, after delaying till the last possible moment, announced that he would hear the case on July 17. He ruled at the hearing that the Broken Bow application was legally filed.

Appeal was made to the state Supreme Court, which sat on July 18—the last day of its session—and heard arguments. The mysteriously absent candidate from Broken Bow was represented, not by a humble lawyer from his home town, but by William A. Shuman, a Burlington Railroad attorney from North Platte. Senator Norris was not present, but his secretary was there, ready with the Senator's withdrawal from the candidacy if the Supreme Court sustained the ruling of the secretary of state or delayed its decision until after midnight. However, the withdrawal was not submitted. Three hours before midnight the Supreme Court decided that the terms of the law were mandatory and that the second George W. Norris had filed his application too late.

And so, after all the complicated political moves we have just described, the Republican ballots in the Nebraska primaries will carry the name of only three candidates. There will be one George W. Norris instead of two. There will also be Aaron Read, of Madison, and State Treasurer W. M. Stebbins, behind whom the opposition to Norris will doubtless rally. There is a feeling in Nebraska, however, that Norris cannot be defeated by fair means.

Foul means have been used against him, not only in his own state, but also in Washington. During the trouble in Nebraska, the writer of the present article was preparing a newspaper broadside to aid Senator Norris. This broadside, paid for by public subscription, was to contain appreciations of his character and services from the most distinguished men and women of the nation. On the night of July 10 the offices where the broadside was being prepared were broken into, ransacked and a few things of slight value were stolen. The door was repaired and the lock changed. On the Saturday or Sunday night following, the office was again entered, and some bills, memoranda and a sheaf of tributes to Norris by a score of Washington newspaper correspondents were stolen. The correspondents promptly rewrote their tributes and the press again reported to the country a new attempt to hamper the Norris campaign.

By now it must be evident to everyone, not only in the state of Nebraska but in the country at large, that there is a silent and concerted action by

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certain groups to defeat Senator Norris at any cost. The shabbiest political tricks are being played upon him, newspapers are being secretly bought, men are being hired to circulate petitions for candidates who would have some chance to win the Republican primaries against him. But now the questions rise: Who is spending all this money? And why are they spending it?

A glance at the list of men who are doing their utmost to fight Senator Norris' chances for reëlection is very illuminating. They are men almost exclusively connected with the utilities, especially with the electrical utilities. There is, for example, former Attorney-General Clarence A. Davis. Mr. Davis is Nebraska counsel for Stone and Webster of Boston, for the Nebraska Electric Power Company, controlled by Electric Bond and Share of New York, and for other power interests. Mr. Davis, along with ex-Governor McKelvie, was a delegate to the last national Republican convention. Though these two gentlemen were pledged to vote for Senator Norris, both of them, particularly Mr. Davis, did everything in their power to nominate Hoover. From every indication it is evident that Mr. Davis is still interested in supporting the public-utility policy of the administration.

Another enemy of Norris closely connected with the electrical utilities is the Honorable Thorne Browne. He is managing director of the Middle West Division of the National Electric Light Association, also managing director of the Nebraska Association of Public Utilities, also supervisor of the Nebraska Utilities Information Bureau, which each week sends forth a propaganda bulletin to all the newspapers, libraries and public officials of the state. Before the Federal Trade Commission Mr. Browne admitted that he had delivered many speeches to the members of chambers of commerce, Kiwanis and Rotary clubs without advertising his power connections. "As far as the expense account was concerned," he testified, "I was an official of the Association. As I spoke to them I was Thorne Browne."

A brief reference to the information obtained by the Economic Division of the Federal Trade Commission investigation will make clear at least one reason why Mr. Browne was employed to spread the glad tidings among the voters of Nebraska that the electric rates are reasonable, the power trust a myth and Senator Norris an obstructionist who could better employ his time pulling down political plums for the boys at home. For the Federal Trade Commission discovered that the real merging of electric companies in Nebraska began in 1917, when the newly organized Nebraska Power Company took over the Omaha Electric Light and Power Company. The former company is in turn controlled by the American Power and Light Company, a subsidiary of Electric Bond and Share, the largest unit in the power trust.

The book value of the plant and property accounts before the merger was $4,633,047; after the merger it became $10,490,500—a write-up of 127 percent. For 1928 the American Power and Light Company obtained $731,588 in dividends from the Nebraska Power Company—an income of 96.45 percent on its investment.

The fight against Norris will go on, for there are millions behind the men who are fighting him. And to eliminate him from public life the privileged interests and their political confederates will utilize every method, fair or otherwise. For, if it was worth $125,000 to Mr. Samuel Insull of Chicago to elect Colonel Frank Smith to the United States Senate, how much would it be worth to the power trust and its allies to replace Senator Norris with McKelvie, or even with a chain-store grocery clerk from Broken Bow?

JUDSON KING.

Prelude

The time has come, the clock says time has come:
here, in the mid-waste of my life, I pause,
the hour is in my hand, and in my heart
miscellany of shards and shreds. The clock
ticks its iambics, and the heart its spondees;
time has come, time has come and gone,
winter has taken its toll, summer its harvest,
spring has brought and taken away its illusion.

What is time, the seed says it is nothing,
it is the after, never the before, never the now;
what is time, the plow says it is all
fertility turned deep by the foot of the plow.

The hour has added to the spirit's peace,
seed has added to minute, and world to flower,
tears have flowed to the heart till it is rotted,
thorns have worn the hand till it is hard.
Why, I have seen the all, have seen the nothing,
have heard the monosyllables of the tomb,
have buried stars, and resurrected them,
and watched the shadow moving across a wall.

Where is time, the stitch says where is time,
not the after, not the before, always the now.
It is the seam foresees the future, but even
the longest seam will feel the foot of the plow.

Stand, take off the garments time has lent you,
the watch, the coins, the handkerchief, the shoes,
take out your heart and prop it on the mantel,
the soul, also, and wrap it in a thought;
display your shards and shreds on the window sill,
among geraniums and aspidistras,
the week before, and the week before the last,
ridiculous chronicles, taste, touch and smell.

Time is god, the heart says time is god,
the heart is ticking on the mantelpiece
the heart says all is past and nothing future
the heart says heart will never cease.

CONRAD AIKEN.

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Plant Quarantines Run Wild

THE PLANT quarantines maintained by federal and state governments were originally instituted solely to protect our agricultural industries from the invasion of foreign insect pests and plant diseases. In the minds of those who first proposed them, there was no idea that they would present any problems other than those of a purely administrative nature. Nevertheless, it is rapidly becoming apparent that in their actual operation the plant quarantines have created a series of economic and governmental problems which are far more difficult than was ever imagined.

It is not my intention to discuss the question of the degree to which these measures have achieved their original purposes. The question is debatable, but it involves technical considerations which cannot be dealt with here. But whether or not the quarantines have been successful in keeping foreign insect pests and plant diseases out of the United States, or in delaying their entry, or in preventing their spread after they have entered, is not the essential problem which concerns us. Whatever their degree of success may have been, there are certain facts which afford a basis for criticism of the way in which the quarantines are working out.

To sum up the objections, the quarantines are directly responsible for the precipitation of one economic catastrophe of enormous proportions, and they offer a definite threat of other such catastrophes in the future. As they completely prevent the entry into the United States of many plant products, they are a part of the general tariff problem and a potent source of international ill will. They function, also, as interstate tariffs, thus setting up barriers among the states in direct contravention to the principles of our national organization. Finally, they have attempted the impossible, and have diverted attention and funds from other activities which will in the end inevitably replace them.

With the objections thus stated, we may proceed to a brief review of the evidence as it appears to those who in increasing numbers are becoming dubious of the value of plant quarantines.

About a year ago it was announced that the Mediterranean fruit fly had appeared in Florida, in spite of the quarantine already maintained against it. As soon as the insect was definitely recognized, the machinery of the governmental agencies went into action with the promptitude of a war-time mobilization. Quarantine regulations were imposed upon Florida. All movement of fruits and vegetables which might possibly harbor the insect was stopped. The National Guard was called out to enforce the drastic regulations. A federal emergency appropriation of $4,500,000 was voted. An army which at times included as many as 6,000 men was recruited, and Florida became a battle ground.

The imposition of the quarantines and restrictions upon the movement of agricultural products was disastrous to the people of Florida. Crops could not be converted into cash. Debts could not be paid. Banks closed their doors. It is estimated that the bank losses involved over $60,000,000, "most of which," according to my source of information, "cannot be salvaged." Approximately $6,000,000 of federal money and a small amount of state money was expended. At the time of this writing, $3,000,000 more has been granted by Congress. There have been, in addition, uncalculated losses to fruit and vegetable growers, and also the expense of strengthening the state quarantines in other parts of the country and of making surveys to determine whether or not the insect was prevalent elsewhere.

Summing it all up, and including the appropriation now being asked for, the total losses and expenditures will amount to somewhere between $70,000,000 and $90,000,000. The people of Florida have tasted something of the bitterness of actual war, for in addition to their financial losses they have been forced to submit to regulations that have been denounced by responsible persons as "intolerable." For a time the situation was so dangerous that there was a threat of something approaching civil war.

The aim of the agricultural officials has been to eradicate the fruit fly utterly from Florida. Every other consideration has been subordinated to this. They have considered eradication possible and have even gone so far as to believe that it has been accomplished. At the best, however, it is something of a Pyrrhic victory. The price paid for it has been tremendous. The relation of the amount expended to what has been achieved is a fit subject for inquiry. It is necessary to consider what the losses caused by the fly itself amounted to and what they might have been if the fly were allowed to spread throughout the parts of the United States in which it can live.

It is difficult to obtain definite information concerning the losses caused by the fly through actually destroying the fruit or rendering it inedible. The agricultural officials, in order to justify themselves, have naturally tended to set these losses at the highest possible figure. They have consequently been accused of gross exaggeration, and the accusation is apparently justified in part. Viewing the matter as dispassionately as possible, it seems clear that the losses could not have been

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tremendous. The original discovery of the insect was accidental, and it was only after an extended survey that its prevalence over half the state was discovered. If the damage caused by the fly was so small that the fruit growers were not even aware of it, the loss it caused could not have been significant.

As far as Florida alone is concerned, the losses which have been incurred can be ascribed only to the effect of the quarantine and control measures, and not to the insect against which these measures were directed. The measures, then, which were intended to be purely protective have in their application resulted in the production of an economic catastrophe. The instrument of defense has backfired and has become an instrument of destruction.

To this statement of the case, those who still support the quarantine will reply that these losses are comparable to the cost of putting out a fire in order to prevent it from spreading. It is like dynamiting buildings to save a city. Should this fly spread, they say, to other fruit-growing sections in the United States, the losses would be so great as to make a hundred million dollars look like pocket money. From this point of view, the amount of money expended is regarded as justified and the calamity to which the people of Florida have been subjected, regrettable but inevitable. Defenders of the quarantine conjure up visions of the complete destruction of the citrus fruit-growing industries of the United States. Such propaganda has been freely distributed in order to silence the criticism which has developed.

However, the defenders of the quarantine are open to the charge of gross exaggeration in the face of all available evidence. The Mediterranean fruit fly is present in many parts of the world—the Mediterranean region, Australia, South Africa, South America and the Hawaiian Islands. In none of these areas, except perhaps the Hawaiian Islands, where conditions for the fly were especially favorable, has it ruined the fruit-growing industries or even seriously damaged them. That there have been serious losses in some fruit-growing regions is undeniable, but with our modern methods of control there is no reason to believe that if the insect were to spread throughout the citrus-growing regions of this country, it would cause any such destruction as has been pictured. In fact, there is good reason to believe that it would be a long time before the insect could destroy a hundred million dollars' worth of fruit in the United States.

Yet, in the light of the development of the plant quarantine system and of what has been said and done to gain support for it, we must in all fairness admit that the agricultural officials upon whom the burden of attacking the fruit fly fell, could not have done otherwise than they did. In order to win support for the quarantine measures it was necessary to develop a real fear of invasion. The danger of the Mediterranean fruit fly had been preached for years. And then, when the fly finally entered—in spite of their efforts—they could not turn about and attempt to minimize its importance. They could not repudiate everything they had said to obtain support. So they proceeded with military ruthlessness and slapped the quarantine on Florida with the results I have described.

Criticism of their action should not be directed against them as individuals. It should be directed against the theory of which they were merely the official exponents—that of the complete desirability and effectiveness of plant quarantines. A belief in these measures has become part of the dogma of economic entomologists, who, under the direction of the politically controlled and politically thinking heads of bureaus and departments, have been entrusted with the actual work of administration. That they have thought in any broadly economic way is not apparent from the working out of their theories in Florida.

We may grant the possibility that the last fruit fly in Florida is even now destroyed. The battle may be regarded as won; the losses may be recouped; the resentment and bitterness lately aroused may soon be quieted. But the ghost of the fly is not thereby laid. The specter of its possible return must continue to hang over Florida and even California. The quarantines failed once and ruin followed. There is no guarantee that they will not fail again. In fact, there is good reason to believe that such failure is inevitable. The modes and the rapidity of transportation are increasing year by year, and the difficulty of maintaining an effective quarantine increases in proportion. Even if we allow that the fruit fly came into Florida by some means within the range of control, and not on the wind or with rum runners, we may assume that it will again get by. And then, unless something has been learned in the course of the present tragic experience, we shall have to go through the whole business once more.

It is a situation which cannot be ignored. It cannot be put aside with the comforting assurance that the fruit fly is gone and that it will never come again. There is no doubt that it will come again. And only a few such returns will be necessary to create losses far greater than any which would be experienced if the fruit fly were freely admitted to the United States and allowed to become established wherever it can live.

It is clear that if the quarantines are to be maintained, some method must be found to develop their full protective value and to eliminate their economic dangers, or at least to keep them within reasonable bounds. They must be used only as weapons of defense and not allowed to become instruments of destruction. Otherwise it would be better to dispense with them entirely.

It should be borne in mind that the case of the Mediterranean fruit fly, however dramatic it may be, is after all but a single incident in the general

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program of the plant quarantines and their associated measures. It is but a part of the results of a far-reaching system which has grown up in the course of a comparatively few years and which shows signs of becoming badly hypertrophied if its growth is not controlled. The general public fails to realize the magnitude of the system. Its absurdities and inconsistencies are only beginning to come to popular notice.

It is not possible within the limits of this article to enter into a discussion of these other problems. There is, for example, the story of the European corn borer and the hysteria it produced, with the resulting raid on the federal treasury and the expenditure of $10,000,000 in an utterly useless campaign against the insect. The futile quarantines instituted against it are still maintained in the face of its continued spread. There is also the story of the pink boll worm, with appropriations of millions of dollars for "cotton free zones" and the still more futile attempts to keep out by quarantine an insect that is apparently coming into Texas from Mexico on the wind. There is the strange and diverting story of Dutch bulbs and the quarantine against insects already widely prevalent in the United States. There is the story of the white-pine blister rust and the grandiose plans for grubbing up all currant plants, wild and cultivated, in the white-pine areas. But let us pass on from these matters to the second objection which has been pointed out—that of the effect of these measures upon the international tariff situation.

A quarantine against plant pests affects not only the insects or the plant disease against which it is directed; it also affects the plants attacked by insects or diseases, for such pests are almost invariably so closely associated with their plant hosts that they cannot be dealt with independently. The simplest method of stopping the entry of such pests is to stop the entry of their hosts. And thus the quarantines come to function, whether intentionally or not, as prohibitive tariffs, with but one difference. A prohibitive protective tariff will allow at least some competition, but a quarantine stifles it completely.

Quarantine officials will profess to be horrified at the suggestion that their pet measures have ever been used for such purposes. Probably it could never be proved that any group of individuals or interests has ever conspired to utilize the quarantines to attack business competitors. But the belief that they have done so persists, especially in countries which are adversely affected by these measures. It is certainly to these quarantines that we owe the impossibility of obtaining in the United States most of the tropical fruits. It is certainly to them that we owe the outrageous prices which must be paid by those addicted to alligator pears. That these measures are a source of irritation and resentment in other countries cannot be denied. Newspaper dispatches, editorials in foreign papers, the reports of trade commissions, all indicate clearly that in various countries, Mexico, the Argentine, Australia, France and Holland, the quarantines are becoming subjects of indignant protest.

It has always been considered a cardinal principle of our national organization that there shall be no restrictions to interstate trade. Yet the system of interstate quarantines is rapidly developing into a system of interstate tariff barriers. In fact, taking into consideration the inherent weaknesses of such local quarantines and the difficulties of their administration, it is probable that such is their chief effect. That they actually stop or even long impede the movement of insect pests is much to be doubted. But that they seriously interfere with the commercial movement of many agricultural products is well recognized.

These interstate quarantines are plainly dangerous. Their tendency is to divide the country into a series of economically warring agricultural sections. The matter has gone so far that in Texas certain agricultural interests naïvely petitioned the state to place an "economic quarantine" on citrus fruits from other states. The breeding of suspicion and bitterness, of intersectional resentments, the promoting of retaliatory measures and the development of economic competition outside of the normal and legitimate methods are certainly the results of interstate quarantines.

The legality of these measures is open to serious question. In one case where that question has been passed upon by the Supreme Court—that of the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company against the State of Washington—the state lost. An unbiased reading of the decision of the Court will show that embargoes such as those threatened by various states against Florida are entirely illegal and that the whole system of interstate quarantines rests on an exceedingly dubious basis.

While perhaps the convenience of individuals is of no importance in times of emergency, it is still a factor which may not entirely be ignored in summing up the effect of any law. To millions of automobilists the interstate quarantines are an unmitigated and inexcusable nuisance. As citizens of the United States we have always prided ourselves upon freedom of travel, but with quarantines becoming increasingly strict we are but little better off than Europe with its multitude of small governments. It is upon automobile traffic that the inconvenience chiefly falls, for trains are but little interfered with in most cases. The reason for such discrimination is evident enough. Individual automobilists are not likely to carry their protests to the Supreme Court!

Against the last argument, that the quarantines have attempted the impossible and have diverted funds and attention from other activities of more lasting importance, the defenders of the quarantines inevitably ask what can be substituted for these measures. Their own magic having failed,

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it is necessary to substitute some other. There can be but one reply. It is that we must learn to live with our insect enemies and to produce in spite of them. Thus eventually we shall have in any given area every insect pest capable of surviving in that area. No quarantine that is economically or sociologically tolerable can prevent or even long delay this inevitable development. Yet it is exactly this that the quarantines are trying to accomplish; it is for this that funds mounting into many millions of dollars have been expended already. The solution of our problems lies not in useless expenditures, but in concentration upon the development of methods that will enable the fruit growers to carry on with a minimum of shock when insects invade their regions and a minimum of loss when the insects become established.

There is in this alternative nothing that is at all dramatic. There is nothing but the substitution of reality for the delights of wishful thinking. There is implied merely the choice of the lesser of two evils. Such a solution will not appeal to those who hope by the aid of some sort of hocus-pocus to escape from the very real economic problems which the insect enemies of agriculture create.

It is certainly undeniable that the plant quarantines present a series of problems of national importance. Yet, because of the way in which the problems have arisen, they have never been submitted to any comprehensive study. Year by year more laws are added to the already stupendous mass of them. Year by year the power of officials grows and their self-esteem grows with it. The agricultural officials of California have become so arrogant that they consider themselves above criticism, and they have attempted to stifle public consideration of the problem. They have gone so far as to talk of "disciplinary retribution" for an entomologist who has publicly raised his voice to question their system.

Year by year the agricultural officials become more and more committed to a position from which they cannot retreat. The problem calls urgently for study by a group of people other than those to whom the development and administration of quarantine procedure is now entrusted. The time is at hand when it should be considered from a point of view broad enough to embrace the magnitude of the problem itself. What we need, perhaps, is a fact-finding commission capable of adopting such a point of view.

G. F. FERRIS.

Peshawar and Amritsar

THE EVENTS of April 23 at Peshawar remain obscured by rigid censorship. In view of this fact the statement of Young India must be accepted as more trustworthy than less candid accounts which we shall doubtless receive later from official sources. The trouble, it avers, began with a mass protest against the refusal of the government to allow a deputation of the All India Congress committee to come to Peshawar. At this meeting arrangements were made, according to a previous decision, to picket the liquor shops in the city. The government in alarm arrested six leaders and swore out warrants against two more who voluntarily and peacefully gave themselves up, as did two who were arrested still later. An enormous crowd gathered about the prison and was quietly returning to the city when, without warning, two armored cars full of soldiers drove into them from behind, wounding many and killing three instantly. The crowd, still passive, was collecting the casualties, when an English officer on a motorcycle dashed in. He was killed, either by colliding with one of the cars or by a man he had first wounded—opinions differ. At the same time one armored car caught fire. The crowd or an accident—who knows? By this time a troop of English soldiers had arrived; they opened fire. There is no conflict in reports of the incredible passivity with which their shots—all bullet and no grape shot—were received. When those in front fell down, others pressed in from behind, inviting the soldiers to add them to their list of martyrs. Corpses, probably to the number of hundreds, were carted away in government ambulances—to make room for more. No body showed a wound in the back, nor has any claim been made that any member of the mob was armed. Apparently no facilities for first aid were provided, nor would the authorities permit a medical deputation for relief work to be sent in from outside.

It is inevitable that the Peshawar massacre should bring to mind that of the Jalianwala Bagh at Amritsar, in April, 1919, from which occurrence the historian will date the present Indian revolution. The similarity between the two occasions is striking and significant. The trouble at Amritsar began with the imprisonment of two citizens, Dr. Satyapal and Dr. Kitchlew. A procession to the residence of the British Commissioner, bearing a petition for their release, was halted by gun fire, and twenty persons were killed. A riot ensued in which the railroad was torn up, public buildings destroyed, Englishmen killed and an Englishwoman beaten. It was after order had been fully restored that an assembly of between 15,000 and 20,000 Indians, including women and children, in the walled garden of the Jalianwala Bagh, was attacked by General Dyer with fifty men, who fired 1,650

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rounds of ammunition into the crowd at close range. The official Hunter report gives the number of casualties at 379 killed and 1,200 wounded. In spite of the general presumption in favor of the veracity of the British race, it must be admitted that the figures of the Investigating Committee of the Indian Congress, of 1,200 killed and 3,600 wounded, are more plausible. The gathering had been forbidden by General Dyer, but his proclamation was unknown to those assembling, many of whom came from outside the city. That it was entirely orderly is shown by the fact that it passed resolutions condemning the riots of the previous days. It cannot be doubted that it would have dispersed peacefully if ordered or allowed to do so. The only official criticism passed on General Dyer was that he gave no order to disperse, that he did not stop firing when the crowd tried to get away, and that he diverted his fire to the points at which escape was possible.

After the shooting General Dyer marched away, making no provision for dead or wounded. The British nurses refused to aid, and the Indians were prevented by fear of the curfew law from assisting the victims. Many of the wounded lay without care for twenty-seven hours. Even then the punishment of the city was not complete. Fantastic tortures were invented by the military mind. Men were compelled to draw lines on the earth with their noses, and all the inhabitants of the street in which the Englishwoman was assaulted, and all passing through the street, were compelled to crawl literally on their bellies. The whole province was cut off from the rest of India. Bombs were dropped from airplanes throughout the district. In addition some 581 persons were sentenced to death or imprisonment for life.

The parallel between Amritsar and what is reported from Peshawar is clear up to this point: the provocation offered by the authorities, the unnecessary violence of the reprisal, the refusal of medical aid such as is customary among civilized peoples. Other points of resemblance will occur to any reader, particularly in the matter of censorship. Mr. Montagu, Secretary of State for India, has declared that not for eight months afterwards was he informed of the occurrence at Amritsar, and while official ignorance is a very special state of mind, it is certain that the massacre was long hidden from the world. We may expect the Peshawar affair to continue to follow the curve of Amritsar. The official investigation of the latter exonerated General Dyer on the main issue. His usefulness to the Indian Service being at an end, however, he was retired with his pension. The British House of Commons approved this action, but the House of Lords by a large majority exonerated him, and his English admirers raised £26,000 for his further consolation. At one of the most pathetic sessions of the Indian Legislative Council, the English members patiently tried to explain to their Indian colleagues—who objected to the payment of Dyer's pension by the people whom he had outraged—that Dyer's dismissal was a terrible punishment, far worse than death to an English man of honor. Although the Indians, without the racial education in chivalry which the British enjoy, showed skepticism in regard to this point of view, they could do nothing but pay. And Amritsar remains engraved on every Indian heart, a symbol of the supreme insult offered by one people to another —an insult which brought Gandhi to complete repudiation of British domination, and Tagore to renunciation of his British title and honors.

It would be well if we could dismiss these events which mark the relation of Great Britain and India as isolated acts of human fiends. But we cannot. General Dyer is no fiend, but an upstanding English officer who doubtless expects his name to go down with those of Havelock, Lawrence and Sir Colin Campbell, the high-spirited Christian generals who put down the Mutiny. He is not to be distinguished for fiendishness from Lloyd George or Ramsay MacDonald, from Lord Beaverbrook or Lord Birkenhead. It is true, he made use of an unfortunate phrase when, after admitting that he could have dispersed the gathering without firing, he added that the people would have returned and "laughed at him." It must not be supposed, however, that General Dyer is personally so sensitive to ridicule as to put even three hundred lives into the balance against a leer. No, it was a laugh at British supremacy that General Dyer feared, and because he acted promptly to turn laughter to wailing he remains a hero to his countrymen.

One ghastly anomaly in the relation of Great Britain and India is the fact that the unwelcome presence in the latter country of a colony of 150,000 British makes the safety and comfort of these latter a first charge on the British raj. Memories of the mutiny accentuate this sense of responsibility, and, as Mr. E. M. Forster shows in "A Passage to India," can easily bring it to the stage of panic. A few days ago an Englishman, prime minister of one of the native states, assured me that Dyer's small force was responsible for the calamity—50 men when he should have had 5,000. In promptness was his only safety. Shortly after the Amritsar affair I met at dinner an Englishman who represented a third generation in the Indian Civil Service. Better informed than Mr. Montagu, I had learned of the massacre from my Indian friends in New York, and when I heard the English guest speak of Amritsar I asked for confirmation. I got it only in general terms. The Englishman was talking about Amritsar because, in consequence of the destruction of the railroad, his wife had nearly missed the steamer at Bombay. He was splendidly indignant at the beating of the Englishwoman and generally admiring of the promptness and thoroughness of the military in teaching the natives their lesson at the Jalianwala Bagh and throughout the district. "We tuned them up with the airplanes," was his happy expression. Nor was

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this gentleman a fiend. He was merely blind on one side.

Lately we have had other instances of that blindness. The Simon Report makes almost no mention of Amritsar. The other day, shortly after Peshawar, King George V took occasion to address all India by radio. There was no word of apology or contrition—rather an addition to the suffering and insult of this intolerable event by a discharge of idle prattle. As I read these remarks, offered in the most meretricious style of the Labor Government, so pathetic in their sentimentality, so unconscious in their irony, so irrelevant, I thought of Francis Thompson's lines "To Monica Thought Dying," wherein the poet contrasts the majesty and terror of Death with the remembered trivial words of the dying child:

> Why have you taught—that he might so complete
> His awful panoply—
> This dreadful childish babble to his tongue
> Dreadful and sweet?

It is becoming clear from the behavior of English and Indians in respect to Amritsar and Peshawar that the doctrine of the superior race is forever smashed. Before the eyes of the whole world there stand on one side Gandhi, Tagore, Patek, the Nehrus, Sarojini Naidu; and on the other—it would be too cruel to name them, that galaxy of British statesmanship. And no one can doubt that India will triumph because Indian morale is better than British. Out of its disarmed weakness, its enforced inferiority, the Indian race has become strong. What James Russell Lowell wrote to Thomas Hughes about African slavery in America is true of the slavery of India:

> Leaving the sin of it to God I believed and still believe that slavery is the Achilles-heel of our policy; that it is a temporary and false supremacy of the white races, sure to destroy that supremacy at last, because an enslaved people always prove themselves of more enduring fiber than their enslavers, as not suffering from the social vices sure to be engendered by oppression in the governing class.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Millionaires' Retreat

PASADENA is known all over the country, to rich and poor alike. Millions listen to the descriptions of its Tournament of Roses and East-West football game every New Year's Day. Tramps in the jungles talk about it. It is the *crème de la crème* of California, and one of the prettiest and wealthiest towns on earth. It makes the spiffy suburbs of Boston, New York and Chicago look positively sad. The place is not merely a community; it is a symbol. It symbolizes American plutocracy at its ripest. Here is the best spot in the United States for a good, scholarly, 100-percent American to ponder over the symptoms which characterized the decay of the Roman Empire.

The town was founded, oddly enough, by a group of Hoosiers from Indianapolis. Neither love of gold nor lure of high adventure sent those weak pioneers West. What sent them, according to the documents of the Indiana Colony, was a harsh winter, hard times and a great, overwhelming desire "to get where life was easy." The Hoosiers have long since given way to the Crœsuses, but the same desire, conscious or otherwise, accounts for nine-tenths of the present population. Where life is easy! That is the sociological significance of this lovely millionaires' retreat.

Seventeen years ago, on one street, a reporter counted the adjoining palaces of fifty-two millionaires, and wrote a feature story entitled, "Orange Grove Avenue: A Millionaire for Every Week." Since then the total number has probably quadrupled. Playing golf and drinking scotch (the town has just gone dry in the Literary Digest poll), they serve unwittingly and happily as guinea pigs for the ecologists of the Carnegie Institution. What the scientific findings are, I don't know. A lyrical Swedish priest from gloomiest Wisconsin recently informed me that Pasadena was a municipal flower garden populated by lilies of the field. He said he saw in the inhabitants, and in the environment, unmistakable signs of national decadence.

Up and down the Pacific Coast, Pasadena is known as "the millionaire town." The local Chamber of Commerce objects to this designation and, accordingly, the word "millionaire" is taboo in the local press. The sobriquet, it claims, has kept hundreds of middling well-to-do people from settling there. The characterization awes them and scares them off to such third-rate places as Whittier, Monrovia and Long Beach. The Pasadena business men welcome millionaires, to be sure. But they would like to see a larger group of dependable, steady, middle-class buyers filling in the crevasses. For, contrary to what might be supposed, an extremely rich winter-resort town is rather a poor place for the majority of merchants. The wealthy customers do not respond to "local-pride" appeals. They are practical men and women, discouraging realists, wise to all such nonsense. To them a request to "buy at home" simply means

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"gimme." They buy in Los Angeles, and, worse, order consistently from New York, London, Paris and Berlin. Moreover, the millionaires are absent about half the year. In winter, when the census is taken, the population of Pasadena is approximately 100,000; in summer it dwindles to about 35,000.

This population is divided roughly into two classes: plutocrats and tradesmen. Most of the newly rich who move to southern California take up their abode in Beverly Hills, Santa Monica or Hollywood. Pasadena, the center of the old orange-blossom aristocracy, is not quite ostentatious enough for them. Its conservative millionaires frown upon gold-green villas and pink-striped automobiles. They do not demand action for their money. They demand only four things: lower taxes, dependable bootleggers, more police protection and 365 days of perfect golfing weather (366 on leap year). The heavy-harness matrons keep happy going to fortune tellers and taking up community-playhouse work. The light-harness class makes genteel whoopee.

The town's efficient police force, perhaps the best in the United States, is augmented by a whole army of watchmen and private detectives. They lurk behind stone walls, doze in patios and ride bicycles through the streets at all hours of the night. Locked and barricaded in their castles against the Russians (reported to be approaching the city limits every morning by The Los Angeles Times), the millionaires snooze safely, police whistles on their beds.

The Chamber of Commerce, as I said, objects to Pasadena's being called "the millionaire town." The plutocrats, on the other hand, object to its being called anything else. Aside from their own domestic servants and commercial attachés, these retired men of great wealth do not want any working people in the town. The working classes, they point out with unimpeachable logic, can go to San Pedro, or better still, to hell. They know by experience that whenever working people congregate near them, social unrest inevitably follows. Naturally, a retired underwear manufacturer has seen enough of such monkey business in his active years of sweating women and children. Now, as peace reigns, and his arteries harden, and the angel of death begins to flash a coy eye at him, he does not want to hear any more about that.

These vigilant old men—these amiable old rogues—are surely not babes in the woods when it comes to strategy. They join the Pasadena Chamber of Commerce for the unique purpose of keeping commerce out of the town. It is a charming idea. And, however selfish their motives, however personal their interest, however incongruous their position, it seems to me that they perform a real service. For the Babbitts of Pasadena, like business men everywhere, are natural vandals. Tomorrow, if it were possible, they would convert Busch Sunken Gardens into a site for a glue-manufacturing plant, and chop down every lousy, obstructing tree in order to display their exquisite advertising signs. They have endeavored to improve and Americanize the town for years, and only a moss-backed city-planning commission, composed of retired millionaires, has prevented it.

Thus it is dog eat dog. Many are the fights in the Chamber of Commerce between the practising, red-blooded go-getters, who yell, "We must have more pay-rolls!" and the retired, nature-loving millionaires, who shout back apoplectically, "When the smokestacks come, we go!" As a result, there is much surreptitious activity on the part of the business men to get "desirable industry" quietly; many secret, solemn conferences and much plain and fancy double-crossing all around. It is interesting to note that some of the most violent beauty lovers are retired manufacturers from such centers of culture and loveliness as Brockton, Massachusetts, East St. Louis, Scranton, Pennsylvania and Bluefields, West Virginia. The spectacle is a sort of reductio ad absurdum of something; I don't know exactly what.

The town glides along from day to day, tranquil, sunshiny, warm, friendly, complacent and rich. The Los Angeles patriots go into hysterics at the mere mention of the word "radical," but the Pasadena plutocrats are more tolerant of this strange species. Perhaps tolerant is not just the word. At any rate, Pasadena is probably the only town in the country where Mr. Upton Sinclair could live for years without creating a ripple on the surface. Mr. Sinclair, alas, was never taken seriously. He was simply dismissed with a vague, cordial wave of the hand, as one might say to a lunatic, "Sure, sure, that's right, Napoleon." Mr. Roger Baldwin was permitted to speak in Pasadena in spite of the American Legion and the Better America Federation. He arrived in a Hispano-Suiza piloted by the socialistic Croix-de-Guerre owner, Crane Gartz, which, in itself, was enough to ensure a hearing. Incidentally, as an inducement to incendiarism, Mr. Baldwin's harangue was about on a par with a chocolate ice-cream soda.

The millionaires of Pasadena have exhibited heat and passion only once. That was when the King of Belgium visited the town shortly after the War. Ah, that was a great day. An official half-holiday was declared. Covers were laid for a thousand luncheon guests at the Maryland Hotel. A triumphal rose-covered arch, paid for with the nickels and dimes of school children, was erected on the main street. Thousands of people lined the sidewalks. For once the plutocrats came out of their shells en masse, resplendent and hot in morning clothes, to welcome the King. But the King was late.

And, lo and behold, when he did arrive, the

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royal automobile shot through the town—on a side street at fifty miles an hour—to a siding where the royal train was parked, and a moment later the King was gone. He passed up Pasadena like a pay-car passing a tramp. A few cops and railroad switchmen got a fleeting glimpse of His Majesty; that was all. It was explained that the movie folk in Hollywood had kept him two hours past his schedule, and that consequently he was forced to deprive himself of the pleasure of Pasadena's hospitality. He also passed up the monster afternoon reception which Mrs. Anita Baldwin, daughter of Lucky Baldwin, had been planning for three weeks. Mrs. Baldwin had not only spent $50,000; she had also invited every prominent person in California to meet the King.

Alas and alack-a-day. Before the sun went down behind the purple mountains, the hot, pathetic herd of outraged millionaires announced publicly that the movie magnates in Hollywood were a gang of unspeakable yahoos, and that, furthermore, they put no faith whatever in the ridiculous and utterly absurd stories of German atrocities in Belgium.

MORROW MAYO.

Orderly Marketing for Labor

THE CREATION of the Federal Farm Board probably represents the most revolutionary piece of economic legislation in the United States since the establishment of the Federal Reserve Board. The disastrous attempts of the Board to support the prices of wheat and cotton must not distract attention from its more constructive work in reorganizing the machinery for marketing farm products. "It is the aim of the Board," says its chairman, Mr. Legge, "to encourage the eventual development of large-scale, central cooperative organizations, which would be, because of their prestige and influence, a stabilizing factor in marketing. Such an agency in each field of agriculture would be able to exert a measurable degree of control over the flow of its products to market." Large-scale, central coöperatives have been established for grain, wool and cotton, and the organization of others is being fostered. The Board represents the definite assumption by the government of the responsibility for providing the multitude of small business units in agriculture with an efficient marketing organization.

Quite naturally the question arises: Is it not possible to do for labor what, in essence, the Federal Farm Board is attempting to do for agricultural products? Is there not need for a Federal Labor Board to apply the idea of "orderly marketing" to human services? Whatever may be the shortcomings in the methods of selling agricultural commodities, the markets for most farm products are relatively highly developed. Indeed, of all the major markets, scarcely any is so primitive, so lacking in facilities, as the labor market. It is the only major market where the peddler is still supreme. And yet human services are peculiarly difficult to market, partly because men are less mobile than commodities, partly because every worker is more or less unique in what he is able and willing to do, and partly, of course, because many jobs are unique.

Of course, it could scarcely be expected that a Federal Labor Board would attempt some of the things which the Federal Farm Board is doing. For example, Mr. Legge says that it is the purpose of the Farm Board to establish an agency "in each field of agriculture" which "would be able to exert a measurable degree of control over the flow of its products to market." Imagine the indignation if a Federal Labor Board were to endeavor to create, in the steel industry, the automobile industry and every other industry, a union which could exert "a measurable degree of control" over the quantity of labor offered for sale. Still more inconceivable is it that Congress would appropriate funds for a Federal Labor Board to use in organizing wage earners and in helping them raise their wages. But on October 21, the Federal Farm Board declared that the price of cotton was too low and that it was prepared to loan $100,000,000 or more to the coöperatives "in order to assist cotton farmers to hold back their crop and at the same time have money with which to pay their obligations." Suppose that a Federal Labor Board were to announce that it considered the wages in the cotton-textile industry too low and that it was ready to lend many millions of dollars in order to enable the workers to hold back their services until they could obtain higher compensation! One can picture the rush of indignant employers to the courts for injunctions again the Board.

But although it is clear that a Federal Labor Board could not undertake to organize wage earners or to finance strikes, there are many things which it could do to promote the "orderly marketing" of human services. It is assumed that the Board would consist of six or seven men of standing in industry and in the labor movement, with possibly the Secretaries of Labor and Commerce as ex-officio members. It is also assumed that the Board would be provided with a technical staff and that it would be connected with industry by a national advisory committee and by regional and industrial advisory committees. The Federal Employment

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Service would be placed under its control and the Board provided with funds to expand the service. Now let us see what such a Board could do.

One of the first problems which it might well study is that of the entrance of young people into industry. In some communities, industry is growing faster than population. In others, population is growing faster than industry. Where population is growing faster than industry, young people find it extremely difficult to get an advantageous start. And yet, because many boys and girls are held by home ties, they are unable or unwilling to leave the communities where population is growing faster than industry. And even if they do leave, there is no assurance that they will go to places where industry is outgrowing population. A Federal Labor Board, with the aid of its employment offices, could help adjust the influx of workers into industry to the uneven rate of industrial growth in different communities.

Blind-alley jobs create another problem which the Board and its employment offices could help to solve. How many blind-alley jobs are there? In what occupations do they exist? How can outlets for these jobs be created? Some industries, because of their technique, must inevitably hire far more boys than they can possibly promote. The flow of boys out of these industries should not be left to chance. It needs to be guided in order to make sure that the boys do not remain in the industry too long and that, when they leave, they obtain desirable work.

The practice of requiring job seekers to pass a physical examination has been growing rapidly and has much to be said in its favor. But what happens to the man who is rejected? An investigation of 185 companies by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics indicates that the proportion of rejections is slightly less than 5 percent. Some enterprises classify men into those who are fit for any job, those who are suitable for some jobs, and those who are unfit for employment. These companies endeavor to employ the second class of men at work which will not be injurious to them. This practice needs to be encouraged. The Labor Board would be the logical body to study the present practices in examining workers and to induce employers to agree on standards and practices that are fair. It would also be the logical body to study the problem of finding jobs for the rejected men. Physical examination before hiring must not be permitted to spread unless more is done for the rejected men than to refuse them work wherever they apply.

Over half a million men each year are disabled for four weeks or more by industrial accidents and many more by non-industrial accidents. It is estimated that in 50,000 to 70,000 cases the injury destroys the man's ability to pursue his former occupation. A well organized labor market should be especially equipped to place men who have lost their original occupations because of accidents. A systematic search for jobs which handicapped men could perform efficiently and the creation of machinery for placing these men would be an extremely important activity of the Federal Labor Board.

Much has been heard during recent years concerning the unwillingness of enterprises to hire men above a certain age. It would be desirable for the Labor Board, in coöperation with various industries, to ascertain the jobs for which age limits are needed. The Board could probably induce many employers to abolish limits in hiring for all other jobs. But the problem of employment for the older men is not primarily a matter of age limits and would not be solved by the removal of the limits. If two equally qualified men, one twenty-five years of age and the other fifty, apply for a job, the younger is almost certain to be hired, age limit or no age limit. The problem is a complicated one and must be attacked from several angles. It is intimately connected with the uneven rate of industrial growth in different sections of the country. It is in communities where population is growing faster than industry that the older employees are most likely to be crowded out prematurely and replaced with younger men. By adjusting the distribution of labor more closely to the uneven rate of industrial growth in different cities, the Labor Board could reduce the number of older men displaced by young men. Through its technical staff, it could take the lead in searching for jobs which older men can perform satisfactorily, and it could supply technical advice and assistance to enterprises which wished to train older men for new jobs. Finally, the Board could diminish unemployment among the older men by inducing enterprises to ration employment instead of reducing forces in times of depression. This would help, because the older men who are laid off are frequently not taken back.

Most important of all, the Federal Labor Board would be a center of investigation, thought and action with respect to unemployment. Despite the recognized importance of the problem, we still lack even the rudiments of a national policy toward it. Mr. Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, has well said: "There have been unemployment conferences and many suggestions have been made, but it really takes a concerted effort on the part of industry as a whole, and on the part of the community as a whole, to deal effectively with this very serious matter." A Federal Labor Board would be the logical body to organize and to lead concerted effort.

One of the simplest ways of reducing unemployment is to fill vacant jobs more promptly. No one has endeavored to estimate the number of vacant jobs. Undoubtedly it fluctuates greatly with business conditions. It is probably safe to say, however, that the number of unemployed could be cut by two or three hundred thousand simply by filling

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these jobs more promptly. The Labor Board could speed the filling of vacancies by inducing employers to list at the public labor exchanges all requisitions for help unfilled by the enterprise's own employment department after twenty-four or forty-eight hours.

The Board could give a tremendous impetus to the attack upon seasonal unemployment. It would be a proper body to bring together middlemen and manufacturers for the purpose of increasing the amount of advance ordering and for arranging special credit terms to stimulate it. The possibility of dovetailing labor between two industries with non-synchronous seasons has never been properly investigated. The success of dovetailing requires that the workers who accept temporary employment shall not jeopardize their opportunity to resume their regular occupation when business picks up. A special organization of the labor market is needed to keep each transferred worker in touch with his regular employer. Too much should not be expected from dovetailing, but the Board could undoubtedly discover situations in which it could be used. Every seasonal industry tends to attract a reserve of workers—a reserve which usually is unnecessarily large. In coöperation with each seasonal industry, it would be desirable for the Labor Board to investigate how large a reserve exists and how large a one is really necessary. Then, by organizing the hiring of new workers, the industry could gradually reduce its reserve to whatever size it actually needed.

New machines, it is well known, frequently produce unemployment in certain occupations. And yet machines are often introduced so gradually that some plants are hiring new men into the very occupation from which the machine is expelling them in other plants. Every new machine which substantially displaces labor should be the subject of immediate study by the experts of the Labor Board, and a program for dealing with the problem should be submitted by them to the Board, and by the Board, in turn, to the industry. How many men is the new machine likely to displace, and how rapidly? How can the influx of workers into the shrinking occupation be stopped? How can the enterprises which need men in the occupation obtain them from other plants which are installing machines and laying off men? Into what other pursuits can the displaced men be most advantageously transferred? Intelligent leadership in meeting the problem created by each new machine could not fail materially to lessen the amount and the hardships of "technological" unemployment.

As for cyclical unemployment, the principal preventive steps would have to be taken by bodies, such as the Federal Reserve Board, which might hope to exercise some influence upon the business cycle. Nevertheless, there is at least one important way in which the Labor Board might help to diminish unemployment. Always there are many men who, if necessary, can be dispensed with temporarily. When business falls off, many enterprises operate with the minimum number of men that must be employed rather than with the maximum number that *could* be employed at work which would be worth the wages paid for it. Some concerns are compelled to do this by financial necessity, but most enterprises are not. Were managements to reverse the traditional policy and hunt for ways of keeping the maximum number of men at work, the volume of unemployment might well be reduced by two or three hundred thousand.

During the last five or six years there has been a distinct change in sentiment among executives in regard to lay-offs. The belief has been growing up among business men that it is the obligation of management in times of depression to make a vigorous effort to find ways of keeping men at work. An instance of the new attitude is offered by the Manufacturers' and Merchants' Association of Oregon, which in its weekly news letter of January 11, 1930, vigorously critized the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company for drastically cutting the force at its large Albina shops in Portland. But although sentiment in favor of a policy of maximum employment instead of minimum employment during periods of depression is growing, it needs to be encouraged and strengthened. The Federal Labor Board could furnish much needed leadership in organizing and strengthening the sentiment against lay-offs which are not imperatively needed.

An important advantage of the Board would be that it would link investigation with action. For years students of labor problems have been gathering information about the labor market. Much of this research, however, has been futile because no one has been charged with the responsibility of doing anything about the facts discovered. A Federal Labor Board would end this situation because it would be definitely charged with the duty of eliminating waste in the marketing of labor. It would necessarily act in the main through suggestion and persuasion and through rendering technical service and furnishing leadership, rather than through prohibition or compulsion, for relatively few of the abuses in the labor market can be remedied by laws or orders. And it is worthy of notice that, with respect to most problems which would come before the Board, employers and labor organizations would not have serious conflicts of interest. Both have much to gain and little to lose from the more orderly marketing of labor. Both can afford to support the creation of a Federal Labor Board. After many years of investigating and discussing employment problems, it is high time that we create a body which can act. The present period of acute unemployment is a peculiarly appropriate time in which to take the first step for equipping the primitive and chaotic labor market with up-to-date facilities.

SUMNER H. SLICHTER.

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Paul Robeson, Negro

Paul Robeson, Negro, by Eslanda Goode Robeson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 178 pages. $2.50.

THE TALK we hear often enough of Paul Robeson's career as a nine-days' wonder largely because of his being a Negro is idle and full of useless condescension. If he had been born on an Alabama plantation, with all its obstacles—its race prejudice and lack of opportunity or its "Uncle Tom's Cabin" murder, beating and torture, you may take your choice—and from that had risen to fame on football teams, graduation with honors, singing in New York and then touring, acting in Eugene O'Neill's and other plays here, and then "Othello" in London and concerts in European cities—if all that were true, the whole case might have a different slant.

As a matter of fact, Paul Robeson was born in Princeton, his father a colored preacher of some education, a graduate of Lincoln University—to which he went after running away from his North Carolina owner—and certainly not without a wisdom of his own, according to the biographer of his son. Paul Robeson's mother was Mary Louisa Bustill, "one of the most widely known and highly respected Negro families in Philadelphia; they trace their ancestry back as far as 1608, along Indian-Quaker-Negro stock, and all along the line find distinguished men and women of whom they are justly proud." Members of the family had been teachers, boat owners, portrait painters—David Bustill Bowser painted many banners and twenty-one portraits of Lincoln, one of which Lincoln himself posed for, and Robert studied at the National Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, and in London, and spoke French and Spanish fluently. In 1904 Paul Robeson's mother died, and soon after, his father moved to Westfield, taking Paul with him; the other children were already out for themselves. Then came Somerville, where Paul went to the public schools, played with the white children, was welcomed into their homes, lunched with them and was the hero of the athletic field. At Rutgers College he appears to have had trouble getting on the football team, but played so hard and well that he was made a member of the team in a few weeks. When he graduated from Rutgers he won Phi Beta Kappa, was a "four-letter man" in sports, was selected by Walter Camp as end for his all-American football team, delivered the commencement oration, and was elected to Cap and Skull, a senior society made up of only four men. Later he went to the Columbia Law School, where such was his standing and popularity that he was a guest of honor at the dinner of the graduating class, at the Astor Hotel, in 1920. Later on he was in a well known lawyer's office, where he succeeded, but finally left because of racial complications with the other assistants. The rest of his career is popular knowledge; his advance has been steady and successful in the fullest sense.

I set the earlier facts down, however, to show how easy and misleading it is to think of Paul Robeson as having suffered the darkest wrongs and difficulties. Difficulties there have no doubt been, certainly enough at times to hurt a sensitive spirit, but to distort such facts is to make of Paul Robeson a remarkable Negro instead of what he is, a remarkable man. On this side, that of the great artist in spite of infinite obstacles, the biography written by his wife does much, a good deal more perhaps than she knows, to despoil his legend and shift the accent.

The writer herself is plainly a very capable person. She is almost white, so white, she tells us, that ticket sellers, for example, do not recognize any racial difference. She has been useful to her husband in many practical aspects, such as steering him away from his natural laziness, to which, as a citizen of our realms of energy and management, she appears to feel a firm superiority. But of this book she has written, we can only say that it might easily have been by some mediocre and tedious little school teacher from some Northern public school. It shows in itself most of the qualities that such a fine nature as her husband's fortunately lacks; and there is not in the whole book a word or a phrase or a reaction that betokens the depths, warmths, common sense, simplicity of nature, and artistic instinct, which he undoubtedly possesses. Not even the Negro dialect, now and then recounted, is good. We get first the picture of the wonderful model boy growing up, told like a Sunday-school novelette in the flattest of good tones—"After the lessons were over, Paul would ask his father how the work was going; inquire after the parishioners, after the growth of the church fund. He would talk over plans for the Sunday school"—this after long, stifling speeches from the father on education, conduct and perfection. The whole tone is dead, plausible, and learned from the worst type of pious biographical rubbish. It shows no perception—or perhaps a determination not to perceive—what lay in these scenes between the old Negro preacher and his beloved son, the talks together, the native wit and good sense displayed, the talent for parable, the humility, the pride, the genius for religious feeling, the naïve comment on life. False as it might have been, it would have been truer even to paint the two of them as pure Deep South types than as these wretched figureheads made up out of propriety and intention, and based on a certain competition and argument, by which they are to match a similar excellence in the white race, or in white moral fiction. As a matter of fact, if the account could have been written by an artist, or even seen more honestly and accurately, few white family accounts could stand beside it.

The end of the book is concerned partly with associations among more or less well known people, and a fair amount of first names; the Genes, Jimmies, Carls, and so on, seem sometimes unnecessary, though, if the general tone of the book were different, this might pass very easily as natural human pride in getting on. The big chapter is where Essie, the author, Marion, a friend, and Paul himself, discuss the problem of Paul's perfection, which is his wife's romantic conviction. The three sins appear to be Cowardice, Dishonesty and Straying with Other Women. Paul announces and contends for all these, he gives plenty of data for the accusation, but the whole ends happily because Essie, as should be the case in such a piece of literature, remains as before: he is perfect. She is certain about her place in his life. She does accuse him, however, of drifting; and later on, we are to gather, her influence leads him out of this into the study of "Othello" and German *lieder*. It is a distressing, tasteless chapter, though not Paul Robeson's fault.

I have not seen Paul Robeson on the stage since his performance in "All God's Chillun Got Wings"—that was in

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1924, perhaps. He was not then an actor in any competent sense, and would have been the last man to make such a claim. But he had already what few of the best actors have, a nobility of presence, a quality of tenderness and force, a search for right comprehension of the role, a superb humility before his dramatic material. We need only remember all that to regret this biography and to think what a book might be written about him. The one thing of value in this present enterprise lies in the clippings from foreign critics and the descriptions of the singer's effect on various audiences abroad.

One gets the impression that the author wrote the book with an eye on her English public. There are numerous explanations that are superfluous for American readers but may perhaps be useful to some of the English. There are some potshots, too, as might be expected—for example, the newness of the American family possibly accounts to some extent for its violent prejudices. "Americans as a nation have no old and solid background of culture, refinement and class, and so they are uncertain of their social position"—to achieve a definitely superior status they must look down on someone else. Et cetera. And there are places where the tale would be emendated a little by us. Take, for one instance, the account of the colored churches in the South after slavery. Several small Negro communities would jointly support a preacher, who went from one place to another, getting his clothes, lodging, sometimes small sums of money—godly men, though, as the author says, later on in history there was some dissent and squabbling to get congregations that paid well, or to be elected a bishop—"It is significant that many Negro bishops are wealthy men." This account is doubtless true; we all know of the circuit riders, and that there were good men among them; but I might feel better by adding to it such a fact, for example, as that my great-grandfather, in the far South long before the war, with three hundred and fifty slaves, had a church built for them, had his own preacher among them, and compelled everyone but the sick, the truly sick, to go to church; and that when I was a child growing up, there were among the Negroes as many dubious jokes about the clergy as ever circulated in the Middle Ages; the parental scope of the preachers was something, indeed, to be expected. I remember one day, riding in the country with my father, we stopped to ask after the rheumatism of an old preacher we knew. I can see him standing beside the road now, with his long-tailed coat and grizzled hair, his hat in his hand, complaining that his knee was so bad that he was "no good for prayers and no good for the women." As for the very long account of Harlem, we may say that, if a little bitter and vengeful, it may be true enough for English ears; for me, I should either say that it conveys none of the power, fantastic comedy, pathos, richness, prophecy or even superficial color of that district, or else I should merely let it go as Molière's Sosia did, when the father of the gods had explained to the wronged Amphitryon how honored he should feel: "Our lord Jupiter knows how to gild the pill!"

The whole case of this book is most regrettable. Its mediocrity spoils the fine material it attempts; its trite, and sometimes specious, plausibility invites a certain approval that is only another kind of condescension.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

The California Plant Quarantine

SIR: I wish to call to your attention a search of tourists which is being conducted at plant-quarantine stations on the California border by that state's agricultural men, who are guarding all the highways entering the state. This search is in direct violation of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which provides that "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, homes, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized."

At Fort Yuma, California, the tourist protesting this illegal search is arrested, tried by an impromptu court, and fined. He has no redress for any treatment meted out by the plant-quarantine officer or the justice of the peace. The latter official at Fort Yuma announced complacently that he fined tourists $15. . . . I was told that this was a daily occurrence. . . . Mr. Arnoll, secretary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, told me that the California state laws authorizing the search superseded the Fourth Amendment; and I have a letter from Mr. Robert Hays, secretary of the El Centro Chamber of Commerce, stating that ". . . the police power of the state or the nation is vested with the right to make proper investigation at the frontier."

This precedent set by California and Arizona is a very dangerous one.

MRS. E. S. GARNETT.

Little Rock, Ark.

It Won't Help the Farmers

SIR: Mr. John H. Robinson, in an article in the June issue of Everybody's Poultry Magazine, has called attention to a mathematical error in the writer's article, "What Can the Tariff Do?" published in the May 7, 1930, issue of The New Republic. Instead of a benefit from the egg tariff of approximately seventy cents annually per producing farmer, the article should read "approximately $7.00 annually per producing farmer."

Mr. Robinson also criticizes the writer for taking the position that the egg tariff is a very small factor in farm relief, and brands him as biased and as an "anti-tariff economist." Mr. Robinson contends that the poultry industry is coming to be more and more on a commercial basis and that there are many poultrymen in such states as New Jersey and California whose benefits from the egg tariff would amount to appreciable sums were the price of eggs to be raised by increasing the tariff.

The writer does not deny that the benefits to the large commercial poultrymen would be appreciable. If the tariff increased the price of eggs by two cents a dozen, and a farmer kept 1,500 birds, his benefits from the egg tariff would amount to approximately $150 annually, assuming that he had an average production of 60 percent from his birds throughout the year. But how many of the 5,505,617 farmers keeping chickens keep 1,500 or more birds? How many farmers of our leading egg-producing states of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Illinois keep as many as this? Census records for these states show that the usual number of birds kept is much less than 1,500.

It is not the commercial poultrymen of New Jersey and California that constitute a problem demanding relief through aid obtained from the Federal Farm Board. It is the wheat farmer and the cotton farmer who constitute the principal problem. Commercial poultrymen of New Jersey and California have done comparatively well in the past few years. To what extent will the egg tariff solve the problem of the Middle West, where so many eggs are produced, but where eggs do not constitute the principal product of most of the farmers?

It must be remembered that the writer's article was written with the purpose of determining the extent to which the tariff on eggs would help to solve the farm problem. The article was written with broad, general applications. Of course those who

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produce many thousands of dozens of eggs annually will be materially benefited by any increase in price received. Mr. Robinson overlooks the fact that while the larger commercial poultrymen will be benefited, the millions of farmers who are now in such difficult straits, and for whom poultry is only a side line, will receive very little help.

In addition to these facts, it should not be forgotten that at the present time American agriculture is facing a very severe overproduction along many lines. Increasing the tariff wall at this time will tend to weaken the European market for American products. The interest of our cotton and wheat farmers would be better served by a policy of a lower tariff wall rather than by a higher one. Moreover, it should be remembered that tariffs are secured by log-rolling, and that usually for every increase in the duty of some agricultural product, the tariff is increased on some product the farmer has to buy. In the light of such information it behooves us to think more in terms of national interests and national welfare rather than in terms of a few commercial poultrymen who have never constituted the principal factor in the American farm problem.

Thinking in terms of agricultural welfare for the nation as a whole (and the writer's article in The New Republic was written in these terms), the contention that the egg tariff will benefit our larger poultrymen does not disprove the obvious fact that far from solving the farm problem as such, the egg tariff will at best be a very small factor.

Madison, Wis. ROLAND R. RENNE.

Humanism and Baudelaire

SIR: Mr. Mather's judicious, and may I say sporting, review of "The Critique of Humanism," was—though, like Mr. Mather, I remain unconvinced regarding certain points—so admirable that I hesitate to protest against one or two of his remarks. They concern, however, not the current battle, but the reputation of a great poet. Mr. Mather writes: "One must simply accept that paradox of dandyism and degeneracy combined usually with the finest discipline and taste in criticism and poetry that is Baudelaire." Baudelaire's life was hardly a model for a churchman to follow, but, after having read most of the available biographies, I am still at a loss to comprehend his reputation for degeneracy. He corrupted no virgins, eloped with no one's wife or daughter, endeavored to the best of his ability to pay his debts, and was infinitely more considerate of Jeanne Duval than she was of him. No woman committed suicide on his account. His sins, as nearly as I can judge, were those of Dante; that they were sins is doubtless true, but that they were monstrous, unfeeling or unnatural is not true, according to my present information. He viewed them as sins and understood their consequences; this fact makes it uncritical to throw him, as Mr. Mather does, into the same bag with Verlaine, who *was* the worse poet for his way of life, or at least for his failure to comprehend it.

I have heard a professor of comparative literature and a Frenchman say in a seminar lecture that the murderer Hickman was the incarnation of the Baudelairian ideal. It developed later that the poem "Une Martyre" was the chief basis of the accusation. The poem deals with a murder of passion. So does "Othello" and so do "Phèdre" and "Andromaque." I am aware of no reason why a poet should not treat such a subject. The statement of the situation is as complete in Baudelaire's poem as in the others; that is, one has not only the crime, but its psychological consequences (moral judgment, poetic justice, or what have you), and few poems are conceived and executed on as high a level of tragic feeling or are as profoundly moving—few, that is, outside of the works of Baudelaire.

It is customary to be gently regretful about Dante's sins, enthusiastically sentimental about Shelley's damnably unpleasant ones (though not among the Humanists, I am aware), and as fearful of Baudelaire's as of the edge of the Stinking Pit. Baudelaire has always seemed to me a remarkably decent, if unfortunately hectored, soul in the midst of a particularly unpleasant generation.

Palo Alto, Calif. YVOR WINTERS.

Books for Political Prisoners!

SIR: The International Labor Defense, whose function is the defense of political prisoners of the working class, is receiving hundreds of requests for books and reading material from political prisoners all over the United States who are now serving prison sentences or awaiting appeal decisions, the securing of bail, etc.

As prison authority does not permit the sending of literature except directly from publishers, the International Labor Defense appeals for contributions to be used for such purchases which will be sent directly by publishers to prisoners.

It is not necessary to paint the picture of these workers, men and women, suffering incarceration for their political beliefs and cut off from the outside world. It is hardly necessary to point out that sympathizers make a contribution to a worthy cause in sending funds as generously as they can for this purpose.

Contributions should be sent to the Books for Political Prisoners Committee, International Labor Defense, 80 East Eleventh Street, Room 430, New York City.

New York City. SYLVIA FENINGSTON.

Some Advantages of Endowment Insurance

SIR: As a student of life insurance I was much interested in the two communications on the subject in your issue of May 28. Many people, it seems to me, are strongly attracted to term insurance because it is "pure" life insurance; and, while admitting that whole-life and endowment insurance are actually sound, seem to be disturbed by the fact that the part of each premium which is in excess of the pure insurance cost is used for the purchase of a pure endowment—something which is forfeited if the insured does not live until the end of the agreed period. Perhaps the analysis of the nature of endowment insurance as given by Huebner will be of interest to those of your readers who have been disinclined to accept pure endowment as a reasonable investment proposition.

The endowment policy may be divided into two parts: one, investment; the other, term insurance. But the investment portion, instead of being a pure endowment, is, in reality, a saving bank accumulation; while the insurance part is not for a uniform amount (the face of the policy), but decreases from year to year as the investment value increases. Thus, on a policy of $1,000, when the investment amounts to $50, the insurance amounts to $950; and when, near the end of the term, the investment amounts to, say, $850, the insurance amounts to $150. Finally, when the policy matures as an endowment, the investment equals the face of the policy and the term insurance has expired.

Though little can be said against the logic of the advocates of term insurance when they base their argument on the fact that mathematically nothing is gained by combining savings with insurance, and that the problems of protection against financial loss due to premature death and of providing for security in old age can just as well—theoretically, at least—be treated separately, it has always seemed to me that one of the fundamental reasons for the success of life insurance is this very ministering in one contract to two of the great personal financial needs of civilized mankind. The method of logic in dealing with human affairs has distinct limitations, and should not be applied too vigorously. For, to paraphrase Mr. Justice Holmes' classic sentence with reference to the law, the life of the institution of life insurance has not been logic, it has been experience.

No doubt many more people would find term insurance better suited to their purposes and temperaments than the policies they are now carrying if they had a better understanding of the subject. So, too, would other forms, such as survivorship annuities and long-term endowments, become more popular as their qualities were appreciated. But as long as men continue to buy insurance on faith, wholly ignorant of the very elementary principles, so long will they continue to play into the hands of the ignorant or the unscrupulous among the insurance advisers.

New Rochelle, N. Y. H. J. CHELIMER.

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Science on the Loose

Science and the New Civilization, by Robert A. Millikan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 194 pages. $2.

DR. ROBERT MILLIKAN is a distinguished physicist. He is the head of one of those new schools of technology, conceived on broad lines and planted in the midst of a humane environment, from which one hopes much for the future race of engineers. His essays in "Science and the New Civilization" should command our respect; and as long as he is speaking about "The Amount of Available Energy in the World" or "The Last Fifteen Years in Physics," he commands it. But Dr. Millikan also has occasion to deal with more general topics: in one essay he discourses on the place of science in modern life, and in another on "The Alleged Sins of Science." In these essays he succeeds in being loose and uncritical, even ridiculous. Were Dr. Millikan's name of less eminence one could shrug one's shoulders at his solecisms; as it is, one must examine his words with a rigor that a man of more mediocre scientific attainments would escape.

In his first essay, Dr. Millikan confronts the Bishop of Ripon's suggestion that science take a ten-year holiday. As a practical proposal it is absurd; indeed, one fears that if it got into the hands of practical statesmen, the holiday would become a period of intensive activity in all fields except paleontology; but the meaning in back of such a proposal is not quite so stupid: it points to the fact that science has endowed us with instrumentalities and powers out of all proportion to our present capacity for using them. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," and in the absence of wisdom, we live in a state of barbarism, unrelieved at bottom by the clever and subtle techniques which might under happier conditions enrich our capacities for civilization.

What is Dr. Millikan's answer? His answer is that,

> it is literature and art, much more than science, which have been the prey of those influences through which the chief menace of our civilization comes. . . . Society has as yet developed no protection against its perpetual-motion cranks (the devotees of the new, regardless of the true) in the fields of literature and art, and that despite the fact that sculpture has had its Phidias and literature its Shakespeare, just as truly as physics has had its Newton or biology its Pasteur. . . . Today literature is infested here and there with unbridled license, with emotional, destructive, oversexed, neurotic influences, the product of men who are either incompetent to think anything through to its consequences, or else who belong to that not inconsiderable group who protest that they are not in the least interested in social consequences anyway. . . . It is from this direction, not from the direction of science, that the chief menaces to our civilization are now coming.

These fine warm words need a little exegesis. What are the chief menaces of our civilization? Dr. Millikan does not specify them, so let me suggest that apart from periodic visitations of plagues like influenza, over which medical science has been able to exercise no control whatever, and apart from the increase in diseases like cancer, where it is still equally helpless, one might properly include the following items: First, the unparalleled destruction during the last century of the forest cover of new lands and the erosion of countless acres of cultivable land —one of the factors that decimated Mediterranean culture. Second, the destruction, at a feverish rate, of so far unreplaceable mineral resources like coal and petroleum and apparently limited supplies of certain metals like copper, to say nothing of rarer elements like tungsten and vanadium. Finally, the placing of ingenious weapons of warfare, poison gases and explosives, in the hands of various groups of patriotic rapscallions and incompetents who are now busily laying the mines for another war—perhaps, as Mr. Stuart Chase has ominously predicted, a two-hour war.

What part have literature and art had in preparing these menaces? None whatever, except perhaps that socially directed and morally serviceable section which is so useful in concocting patriotic anthems, speeches of bellicose defiance, philosophic apologia and the necessary daily hysteria of the press. As for science and the machine technology, which cause Dr. Millikan to boast of the superiority in sobriety and intelligence of the taxi driver over the old-fashioned cabman, it is quite plain that they have had a considerable role in enlarging the dimensions of these menaces. That is no justification for raising a yellow flag over the laboratories or withholding lubricants from machinery; but it must qualify the optimism with which an intelligent mind can view our present advances in the physical sciences.

Collectively, we have as yet neither the goodness nor the intelligence to be trusted with these new forces and instruments; and Dr. Millikan's pæans to the taxi driver and the automobile mechanic are a little pathetic. Mr. Bernard Shaw said all that could be said in favor of this new intelligence when he protrayed 'Enery Straker; but he was not so foolish as to confuse him with the Superman! Anyone who has tried for a moment to picture the nightmare that radio will be in another war, will look back with gratitude to the mental depredations of the four-minute men in our last jamboree. The opportunities for destruction and mass-psychosis have certainly been enlarged by our scientific technology; and Dr. Millikan's attempt to divert the issue is simply naïve.

In such a classic example of bad thinking, one should not dwell too long, perhaps, upon such minor exhibitions as the references to Phidias and Shakespeare; although it is surely germane to Dr. Millikan's argument to note that his "Shakespeare" is merely a rhetorical tag, since an honest examination of the poet would show that he shared with Dr. Millikan's unspecified modern authors the reproach of portraying creatures as emotional and oversexed as Cleopatra and Juliet, as neurotic as Hamlet and Lear, and as destructive of all values as Timon of Athens. Literature, when it is not a low form of wish-fulfillment, grapples with these emotional realities with the same complete disinterestedness and the same undeviating regard for the poetic truth with which the physicist treats the morals and amours of an electron. Dr. Millikan's distrust and misunderstanding of this process is a sign that he does not appreciate the larger effects of science, outside his immediate sphere; on the contrary, in touching literature, he exhibits the unbridled emotionalism which he justly excoriates!

Dr. Millikan's anthropological knowledge is just as muddled as his attitude toward literature. He conceives of an original state of bellicoseness, just as Hobbes did in his pre-scientific thinking, and he is apparently not aware of the peaceful character of neolithic civilization, with its growing domestication of animals and its conquest of agriculture. He is equally ignorant of the largely ritualistic nature of warfare in savage communities, and whereas he conceives that the control over metals, from copper to

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bronze and bronze to iron, turned away energies from warfare to the peaceful arts, it would be just as true to reverse this generalization, and point out the growing importance, magnitude and ferocity of warfare—characteristics which reach a certain pinnacle in our own time through the threatened elimination of noncombatants and neutrals, who have hitherto always remained a majority. Plainly, Dr. Millikan either lacks the knowledge to make correct generalizations here, or he is willfully averse to the facts: in any event, he not merely fails as an exact thinker, exhibiting the precisions and delicacies of science; he fails as an ordinary critical mind. He even repeats the hoary fallacy of asserting that war survived in the past because of its survival value; which is the precise equivalent of Molière's doctor who said that opium puts one to sleep because of its dormitive virtue: an error in logic that is none the more respectable because it has been bandied about by the popularizers of evolution.

The truth is that Dr. Millikan's social thinking is just careless, as in his allusion to the dumb agricultural drudge who hoed *potatoes* for twelve hours a day through all the history of the world before the machine age appeared. Dr. Erskine once wrote a book called "The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent"; and one would at least press upon Dr. Millikan the notion that an exact scientist, above ordinary scholars and critics, has a moral obligation to be accurate. We need such a concrete and practical evaluation of science as Dr. Millikan has attempted; to supplement Mr. A. N. Whitehead's philosophical treatise on "Science and the Modern World," and to round out the picture of the machine technology that Messrs. Veblen and Chase have made; but Dr. Millikan has not succeeded in this task. Indeed, he has succeeded only in showing us the dangers and pitfalls that surround an exact scientist when he leaves his pointer readings and his equations.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Hereditary Genius

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 364 pages. $4.

IN 1780, when he was forty-five years old, John Adams wrote to his beloved Abigail, "I must study politics and war, that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy . . . geography, natural history and naval architecture, navigation, commerce and agriculture, in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture, statuary, tapestry and porcelain." One generation more than he anticipated, however, was required before John Adams' descendants were, by his standards, civilized. Nevertheless, his desire to be the founder of a notable family has been gratified, if not beyond his expectations, then to a greater extent than that of any other American; for the Adamses are, by all odds, the most distinguished family in the history of America.

Mr. Adams, who is in no way connected with the family about which he is writing, explains that his volume is "essentially a biography of a family, thrown against the changing background of its times for a hundred and fifty years." Within the limits he has set himself, he has performed his task with great adeptness and penetration. His analysis of the history of the family and the role it has played in the hundred and fifty years of its existence is shrewd, amusing, friendly and, at times, critical; he has not attempted to uncover original material but has contented himself with recounting in his alert prose the history of the family from well known sources. There is one charge which may be laid against the volume, though, as the charge involves a choice of methods, its validity may not appeal to all readers. The methods which the biographer of an individual may follow are, it appears to me, the same methods which govern the biographer of a family. Either the biographer may lay bare the forces which determine the family's direction in the great crises it experiences, may uncover the motives which direct its destiny and may analyze the sources of its energy, or he may depict the events in which it has participated, stressing the participants, the setting, the history—in brief, he may concern himself with its genius or with its record. Mr. Adams follows the second course, and while he probes from time to time into the wellspring of the family's genius, his main interest is with its record.

Although the Adams family had been in America since 1636, its leading members, until the time of John Adams, were mediocre farmers, brewers and shoemakers. Whether the eminence attained by John Adams was due to a sudden increase in the psychical energy of the family or, as his enemies have maintained, to Abigail's influence, has been the subject of much speculation. John Quincy Adams wrote of his father's ancestors, "three long successive generations and more than a century of time passed away, during which Gray's elegy in the country churchyard relates the whole substance of their history." John Adams' ability is, however, as inexplicable, and no more so, than that of Franklin or Lincoln, or of many other exceptional men. The answer is hidden in the perplexing question of the nature of genius and, by the standards of any definition of that phenomenon, John Adams would have his place on the roll of exhibits.

In the external conduct of his life John Adams made three moves which placed him at once among the leaders of the young men of his generation who were competing for the prizes of the New World: he went to college, he studied law and he married Abigail Smith. By taking the first two steps he put himself immediately among the select and even then prominent group which would wield the greatest power during the important years of his life. His marriage to Abigail brought him not only new contacts with the affluent social world, but it brought him as wife the most remarkable woman of her time in America of whom we have any record. In all the great crises of his life, her practical ability, patience and wisdom were an immense and incalculable aid to him. Her fortitude in the face of adversity gave this fundamentally timid man the touch of iron he needed. But more important than the three steps he took towards material advancement were the indomitable quality of his mind and the integrity of his character. Lacking all of the subtlety which distinguished the play of Jefferson's mind, his own mind, nevertheless, was admirably adapted to the solution of the tasks with which he was confronted. Obdurate, shrewd, assimilative, logical, he was a match for the wily opponents who beset his path. In addition, his unqualified honesty made him invincible against the onslaughts of all enemies. He was incorruptible and, like the junkers, he would not lie and could not be bought.

With the second generation the psychical energies of the family mounted and, in the person of John Quincy, we have the greatest of all the Adamses. It is difficult to pierce to the core of his many-sided personality. Even to his grandsons Brooks and Henry, he was a perplexing figure about whom they could not agree. Henry, according to Brooks, "took the conventional view of the man

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. . . that is to say, he considered that John Quincy Adams had been a political man, actuated by ordinary political feelings; whereas I believe him to have been an idealistic philosopher . . . who failed . . . and who almost with his last breath resigned himself and his ambitions to fate." At all events, John Quincy possessed early in life that which his grandsons never felt they had achieved; his education was, as he correctly described it, "unparalleled." Few youths have had the opportunities that were presented to him, until, at the age of twenty-seven, he found himself, as Washington's appointee, Resident Minister at The Hague and a widely traveled and accomplished diplomat. Although his life was spent in the field of politics, he had a natural interest in science and literature; his report on "Weights and Measures" is today a classic of its kind, and though his early ambition to devote his life to writing was unrealized, he nevertheless left behind him one of the world's great diaries.

If the third generation did not return to shirt sleeves, it nevertheless appeared that the Adams force was spending itself. Charles Francis Adams, John Quincy's only surviving son, though Galton gave him a place in his tables, added nothing to the luster of the Adams name. His career was a duplication, on a minor instead of on an heroic scale, of the careers of his father and grandfather. The unimpeachable character traits persisted, but the Gargantuan drive which had hauled John Quincy out of bed at four o'clock every morning for fifty years diminished. Charles Francis was the first Adams to take his ease.

In the fourth generation the obligation to hold aloft the family banner was divided among the four sons of Charles Francis—John Quincy, Brooks, Charles Francis II and Henry. John Quincy, who died in 1894, was the forlorn knight of the Democratic party in Massachusetts, running repeatedly on its ticket for office and always unsuccessfully. Of all the brothers, he alone attempted to carry on the family tradition, and he alone undeservedly failed to obtain a place in "The Dictionary of American Biography." Brooks, the least stable, after a short bout with the law, closed his office and spent the best years of his life in developing a theory of civilization. Charles Francis II, like Brooks and John Quincy, added nothing to the family stature. After a career in business, during which he became president of the Union Pacific, he devoted himself to writing, leaving behind him when he died the opinion, "I have known, and know tolerably well, a good many 'successful' men—'big' financially—men famous during the last half-century; and a less interesting crowd I do not care to encounter. Not one that I have ever known would I care to meet again, either in this world or the next; nor is one of them associated in my mind with the idea of humor, thought or refinement." With Henry, however, the family entered upon a new phase, and with fresh energy. He was the first of the Adamses to be exclusively a man of letters. His abilities were immensely superior to those of his brothers and, in America, he was unquestionably one of the most interesting men of his time. His enigmatic personality is one of the great riddles of American literary history, and he is the only Adams of all that long line who exerts a direct influence upon the thought of today. Although his attention turned from the fields in which the fame of the family had been won, he represents perhaps the quintessence of the Adams genius; and it well may be that when the complex nature of his personality is unraveled, the secret of the Adams power and endurance will be laid bare.

HUNTINGTON CAIRNS.

The Unicorn

The Lore of the Unicorn, by Odell Shepard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 312 pages. $7.50.

NOWADAYS when we mention the unicorn it is to suggest that we are dealing with the quintessence of romance: we entitle a book of essays "Unicorns" to imply that the subjects discussed are arcane, or we name our volume of verse "The Quest of the Unicorn" to indicate that our poetry has gone beyond the last ridge of naturalism. The unicorn is now a poetic property. Poets, however, had nothing to do with his genesis. "The Lore of the Unicorn" shows us that hard-headed and hard-handed men gave Europe this one-horned, solitary, invincible beast—hunters, explorers, merchant-adventurers and, later, scholars, physicians, doctors of the Church—men who never dreamed that they were indulging their fancies when they told about the unicorn. It was in the decline of his legend that the poets took him over.

Odell Shepard has found, not one, but many sources for the legend—like the river Nile, it has had its rise in more than one place. I suppose that the truth of the matter is that the unicorn, being an ideal beast, has had different incarnations in different places and at different periods. In European history his most splendid incarnation was in the knightly age, when he appeared as the aristocratic beast *par excellence*—not only brave but magnanimous, possessing the highest kind of distinction; chaste, too, as became a creature whose admirers invoked the Blessed Virgin. In this he might appear to a Spenglerian as the badge of Faustian knightliness—belonging to empty spaces and yet having the forethought, the care, that causes him to draw poisons from the surface of waters. It is this incarnation of his that is pictured in the frontispiece of the book, taken from a Flemish tapestry. It shows us Adam naming the animals: in the front of the procession, graceful, proud, uncompanioned, is the beast whose single horn is the badge of his uniqueness. It took many centuries, however, to bring the unicorn to the pride of place that is his in the tapestry. And Odell Shepard, in showing us how he came to that place and unnotedly declined from it, has told us a portion of the history of the European mind.

His book shows scholarly knowledge on every page. But it is written with relish, with urbanity, with the vividness that belongs to an eye which has become accustomed to a very strange and very interesting landscape. It is part of the urbanity of this scholar and man of letters that he does not pursue the unicorn to his ultimate fastness. Did this beast who comes into European records with an entry made by a Greek physician at a Persian court come out of Babylonian lands? Did he stand for a representation of one of the heavenly presences—the lunar as against the solar principle? Did the three-legged ass of Zarathustrian myth contribute to his sanctity? "The unicorn escapes at last," Odell Shepard writes in a penultimate chapter we should wish, for 'he is not to be taken alive.' every other thing or idea that we pursue to the limit powers and knowledge he goes forth into mystery.

After Ctesias, the Greek physician who practise Persian court, had mentioned the unicorn witho ing him as a solitary beast (perhaps his solitar his Faustian incarnation), Aristotle made a re corns which showed that he had no doubt istence, and Pliny had much to say about s But these scholarly references did not gi unicorn fable—they only passed it on fro It was the quaint natural-history

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known as "Physiologus" or as "The Bestiary" that brought the unicorn into popular lore. King James's translators found an equivalent for a vague Hebrew term in unicorn, and thereafter the belief in a one-horned beast was solidly based on an infallible text. But even then the legend of the unicorn had run its course: he had been hunted by the Angel Gabriel to the lap of the Virgin Mary, and he had appeared beside the virgin saint Justina—further legend might not take him. Thereafter his incarnations decline into the petty and obscure. The medical virtues of his horn are insisted upon by physicians and apothecaries, and a vested interest is bent upon keeping up belief in such utilitarian virtues. The narwhal's is the horn that represents the treasure of the unicorn's brow. Then comes the age of rationalism, and the unicorn is taken over by the poets. Soon, I suppose, he will pass away as a poetic property. He is fascinating still, and this book about him is one to read by the fireside at the hour when we are most likely to recapture the part of our lives that delights in the fabulous—we should read it when we are most receptive to the mention of rare and forgotten books, of travelers' tales, of mysterious Asian and African lands and that beast "so glorious and so virtuous, so beautiful, that heaven vouchsafed the earth, as in the case of the phœnix, only one specimen at a time."

PADRAIC COLUM.

Eugene V. Debs

Eugene V. Debs, a Man Unafraid, by McAlister Coleman. New York: Greenberg, Inc. 345 pages. $3.50.

That Man Debs, by Floy Ruth Painter. Published under auspices of the Graduate Council, Indiana University.

IN THE years that are roughly coincident with the life of Eugene Debs, the United States passed through a revolutionary period. The day of the pioneer, though it still continued in the form of a frenetic westward migration, was really at an end. The Civil War had freed the slaves; more important, it had crystallized the American empire and laid the basis for an industrial, rather than a commercial-capitalist, civilization. Probably no result of the war was more significant than the unification of the railway systems. The period which followed—and which was not ended until after the time of Wilsonian Democracy and our own post-war development—was one of consolidation of gains on the part of industrialists and industrial combines. The soldier who had left his own plow came back to another man's shop. But he was an individualist, a pioneer, and he moved toward the traditional freedom of the West. He could not escape. He found himself purchasing railways for other, distant and almost mythical men. Then he revolted. This was a period of [illegible]antic train robbers who were also friends of the [illegible]e; it was a period of Midwestern agricultural money-[illegible]ism, of marches upon Washington by vaguely [illegible]ed and even more vaguely led hordes of unem- of "muckraking" and "trust busting," and of [illegible]tion, great strikes and the formation of the Social- [illegible]f America, of which Eugene Debs was to be the figure.

[illegible]ing [illegible]es we are accustomed to a certain clarity and [illegible]ur time[illegible]riation on the part of dissenters, liberals and radi- previous era of industrial consolidation this [illegible]known. The whole country suffered. [illegible]ed as a farmer who could not pay his as a worker unemployed over a long period or as an employee of the Pullman Company, hungry in Mr. George M. Pullman's paternalistic "model town," it knew, naïvely enough, that the great corporations were at the bottom of the difficulty. To have been hit by them and to resent it, to desire to strike back, to be "against," was a sufficient bond of brotherhood. So we see Coxey's army of desperate unemployed being led against the National Capitol by an idealistic business man; William Jennings Bryan assuming leadership in one sentence over "the producing masses of this nation and . . . the commercial interests"; and men who in a more realistic age have become the bitterest of ideological foes fighting side by side in a Socialist party of enormous numerical strength.

There is a sense in which Eugene Debs was the most significant figure of his period: certainly there is no one who better represents it. He was born in 1855 in Terre Haute, Indiana, a city "still pioneering," but one which was already beginning to think "not so much of building a continent as how to make a comfortable living out of the pork-packing industry which was hatching in the slaughter-houses by the river." His father was an Alsatian immigrant, who became a petty merchant. Early enough, however, it became apparent that young Debs would not follow this calling. While he was still really a child he was forced by economic circumstances into the local railway shop. If his background was that of the petty bourgeoisie, his training was that of a laborer, and his development, however confused it may have been, was that of the class conscious. During his career as a leader in the Socialist party, a struggle developed which did not end until the Communist-Socialist split of 1919. Debs has been and is now claimed by both factions; and his own activities support both claims. In an era when the Second International was the scene of ideological activity on the part of Lenins and Kautskys, he, the outstanding figure of American Socialism, had probably never read Karl Marx. Not once did he participate in the formation of a program or in an international congress. In the United States one of the chief struggles was over the question of obtaining a large voting strength recruited from all sympathetic sources, or of attempting the organization of a revolutionary proletariat. The first course was adopted. And Debs's whole party life, spent as a candidate for public office, or as a campaign speaker, was largely in this service. Yet, at the same time, and even while there were certain factions of his party who criticized him as a politician, he rebuked the Socialists by declaring that: "There is a tendency in the party to become a party of politicians, instead of a party of the workers." And: "To my mind the working-class character and revolutionary integrity of the Socialist party are of the first importance."

There was always this curious contradiction, unfortunately hardly noted by the present biographers, in his words and actions. He began his public career as organizer for the then despised railway firemen; he had assumed leadership of the militant Pullman strike, which became known as "Debs' Rebellion"; before he died he characterized himself as a Bolshevik (in a speech quoted neither by Mr. Coleman nor Miss Painter). Yet he was sentimental, vague and easily swayed; and he found it possible (a fact again noted by neither of the present biographers) to desert the most crucial conferences in favor of a corner saloon. The left-wing Socialists always declared that he was used by their conservative opponents within the party; that he had been deliberately created as a lovable and irresponsible figurehead. Certainly he was much influenced by Hillquit, Berger and by his brother, Theodore; there are incidents in Mr. Coleman's book to show that he was held in check by them. But the anoma-

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lies in his character go deeper than that. They are integral in the whole age and movement of which he was a part: the coalition which was the Socialist party of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries could not have continued in the face of a consistent motivation.

The picture of him which remains in popular memory does not represent the whole man. He was gentle, even sentimental; but he was also a fierce fighting man. And though his saintliness did not differ from the saintliness of other good men of his time and our own, his fierceness and his belief in the irreconcilable enmity of the upper and lower classes was his own.

Mr. Coleman, whose book is chiefly represented in this review, has suggested the fighter. He has, however, done so inadequately, since he has in some cases refrained from the use of material to which he must have had access. Together with a single essay by Mr. Alexander Trachtenberg (in "Voices of Revolt"), it represents the best writing on Eugene Debs with which I am acquainted. But the whole man has yet to be put on paper.

Miss Painter's "That Man Debs" contributes nothing. Its detail is occasionally a little inaccurate, never important. The style is a homely and moderate ecstasy.

MELVIN P. LEVY.

Captain Jack Randell

I'm Alone, by Captain Jack Randell, as told to Meigs O. Frost. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 317 pages. $3.50.

ONLY THE last half of this book deals with Captain Randell's experiences as a bootlegger, and only the last fifty pages relate the story of the sinking of the "I'm Alone" two hundred miles off the coast of Louisiana by a Coast Guard cutter. This story is exciting; and the author displays extraordinarily little rancor about the whole business. The rest of the book is devoted to a life of adventure which Captain Randell began as a sailor at the age of fourteen. His astonishing career includes much variety. As a scout in the Boer War, as the captain of a gigantic and dangerous dredge operating on the west coast of Africa, as a dredging expert in the service of the late Tsar of Russia and as an expert in the sinking of submarines, we learn to know this hero, who shoots two men in the dark and hits them both in the heart, who earns one hundred dollars while pinch-hitting as a prize-fighter in an old Bowery sporting club, who drinks a German spy under the table in order to regain the plans to a Russian naval base and who helps lead a Canadian mining expedition into the Arctic Circle. Some of them are "tall" stories, but they are told with an attractive simplicity and good nature. Here you have a singular mingling of the virtues of Trader Horn and Tom Sawyer.

C. A. CHAPMAN.

The Fools' Parade, by John W. Vandercook. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE AUTHOR of "Black Majesty" has set down six tales which have the power to grip the attention as surely as if some adventurer returned from years in the tropics were recounting his experiences to rapt listeners. It is in such a spontaneous, effortless manner that the stories are told; but into their writing has gone a literary art which raises them far above mere adventures. The characters in them are variously affected by the dark continent which has drawn them to herself: unsuspected weaknesses are pitilessly revealed, or latent strength rises to meet the strange trials of life in the tropics. The discomforts of the barren coast towns, the heat and monotony of existence inland and the difficulties of adjustment with the natives are unfailing tests of character. The power of the jungle to bring out the best and the worst in men is made vividly clear in the title story, the only one in the volume not concerned with the African scene. It is the account of an escape by five convicts from the prison of Cayenne, in French Guiana, through a narrow but enormously difficult strip of equatorial jungle. Emerging from the apathetic despair bred by their imprisonment, these men regain hope, in their efforts toward a new life, and then, successively, feelings of interdependence, self-esteem, pride and finally altruism. The leader, who made the plans in the prison, proves to be a physical coward, but three of the rest die heroically, and one wins through to civilization. This story, the most remarkable in the book, is in its grim way very powerful.

The Kramer Girls, by Ruth Suckow. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A WARMLY human sympathy and understanding characterize this study of the three daughters of a family in a small Iowa town. An invalid mother is a constant care to the two older girls; the necessity of staying at home makes them give up their opportunities to their much younger sister. Rose seems to them worthy of the sacrifice: she is "smart" in school, and can make full use of the advantages they have voluntarily relinquished. She is enabled to finish college through her eldest sister Georgie's intervention with their father. Her scholastic honors lead her family to expect great things of her. After a period of teaching, with which she is vaguely dissatisfied, she marries an amiable but unsuccessful man and comes back to the locality of her home. It is the defeat of all Georgie's high hopes for her; but to Rose it means contentment and a quiet taking of her proper place in life. In the end it is clear that the real talent of the family lay in Georgie, who had energy, resourcefulness, ambition, but was frustrated by her self-sacrifice and her sense of duty. The pathos of her life is not stressed, but it is this pathos which one chiefly remembers in this deeply felt and maturely written novel.

W. B.

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